

Horizon

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

UBU COCU

by ALFRED JARRY

WAR AND PEACE:

I—BERLIN 1944—1945

by FL. TRISMEGISTES

II—RHINELAND JOURNAL

by STEPHEN SPENDER

PAUL KLEE

by ROBIN IRONSIDE

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XIV

by AUGUSTUS JOHN

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Vol. XII No. 72 December 1945

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COMMENT

CHRISTMAS 1945 finds HORIZON as well advanced into the Phoney Peace as our first number at Christmas 1939 found us settling down into the Phoney War. At this rate real peace should be on us by the end of April, that is, supposing that enough people want it. The race is now on between the Atomic Bomb and its desire to explode (and since London is the ideal target it will make for us as inevitably as eels for the Sargasso Sea) and between the efforts of human good will and intelligence to avert it. On the goodwill side we have the statesmanlike policies of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Eden, the United Nations Secretariat, and the natural distaste of the masses in America, Russia, China and the British Empire for war. There is no 'warlike' nation left. That is on the plus side. Against this we have the power politics of American big business and service chiefs, of Russian imperialist cliques and our own unfortunate activities in the Far East. America tries to keep Russia out of China and succeeds in keeping everyone out of Japan; Russia pursues the same policy in the Balkans and Persia. We ourselves have not yet quite shed our ambition to make a Europe fit for King Zog. What is needed is a new demonstration of the Atomic Bomb (the very latest sort), and HORIZON suggests that a picked retinue of statesmen, service chiefs, journalists, scientists, publicists and *éminences gris* are conducted to the Arctic Ice-Cap where *all* the bombs now manufactured or in process of manufacture in all countries can be detonated. The Ice-Cap is an archaic legacy of an even unhappier epoch. Dissolve it, and Britain, Canada, Alaska, New England, Scandinavia and Siberia will all have milder winters, need less coal, and also get rid of the intolerable cold spells of midsummer. The sooner the atom bomb is used for such an international constructive effort, and its terrible power seen at close quarters by those who form world opinion, the sooner it will cease to be associated with winning wars, and London, in all its shabbiness and incivility, will be preserved intact for us.

HORIZON faces the New Year with a whole set of resolutions.

I. As it becomes easier for readers to obtain for themselves copies of French publications, to have fewer French articles. (It is still not very easy.)

II. To get out of the bad habit of enthroning a set of writers as 'the Best People' who can't be criticized because they are on the right side, and because to have criticized them during the war was to have played into the hands of anti-intellectuals, philistine journalists, and humble venomous Vichyite hairshirters. It is time we tried clearly to assess where English literature stands and attempted to settle how much more Mr. E. M. Forster is than a promising novelist of before the last war; what one really thinks of Mr. Eliot's prose; why no one ever *quotes* a modern poet as we used to quote *The Waste Land*; why reviewing, between the zones of spirited ideological bigotry which we expect from the Marxist and the Papist press, has become so dull and mummified. And what is the matter with the young? And the B.B.C.? And America? Why are its serious writers so very pretentious and its popular writers so bad? All these problems must be tackled with wholesome blasphemy, and HORIZON hopes to introduce a new series of critical articles on living Anglo-Saxon writers—'The Best and the Worst'.

What other resolutions have we taken? To continue to try to make the new Government for which we have voted do more to encourage culture; to try to get our prison systems cleaned up; to get rid of identity cards and restore our free-born privilege to use a false name once in a while; to facilitate foreign travel; to combat puritanism and nationalism and cruelty and injustice; to work for the abolition of the death penalty and for a new humanism which considers human life vulgar but sacred, and the happiness, even of other people, as our supreme aim. And to uphold the belief that Art is an end in itself, with a life of its own and rewards of its own: not a kind of rash on the body politic which can be explained by the economics of its digestion or the dogmas which the body has swallowed, but as something which 'happens', which, without knowing why, some people do better than others, which, any more than life, can't be broken down in order to be mechanically created, and which is able to transcend time, as the enjoyment of it transcends time.

HORIZON wishes a merry Christmas to all its readers and contributors, to everyone in prison, to the Indians and Chinese and the Indo-Chinese and the Javanese, and to our troops who have to stay in uniform and fight some of them; to Gide and Matisse for the pleasure they have given, and also to those writers

of good books available for Christmas which we have not yet had the space to review—such as the poems of Dylan Thomas and Vernon Watkins, the *Almanac* of Norman Douglas (Chatto, 6s.), V. S. Pritchett's *It May Never Happen* (Chatto, 7s. 6d.), Lawrence Durrell's *Prospero's Cell* (Faber, 10s. 6d.), William D'Arfey's *Curious Relations*, edited by William Plomer (Cape, 8s. 6d.), Cecil Beaton's *Far East* (Batsford, 15s.), John Betjeman's *New Bats in Old Belfries* (Murray, 6s.), Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand* (reprinted, Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), and, from America, Breton's *Surréalisme et la Peinture* (Brentano, \$7.50) and Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up*, edited by Edmund Wilson (New Directions, \$3.50), *Corn On The Cob* (American Anthology), edited by A. L. Lloyd (Fore Publications).

The January number of HORIZON will be devoted to Switzerland.

CONRAD AIKEN

MAYFLOWER

LISTEN: the ancient voices hail us from the farther shore:
now, more than ever, in the New England spring,
we hear from the sea once more
the ghostly leavetakings, the hawser falling, the anchor weighing,
cries and farewells, the weeping on the quayside, and the praying;
and the devout fathers, with no thought to fail,
westward to unknown waters set joyless sail,
and at length, 'by God's providence,' 'by break of day espied
land, which we deemed to be Cape Cod.'
'It caused us to rejoice together and praise God,
seeing so goodly a land, and wooded to the brink of the sea.'
And still we share that providential tide,
the pleasant bay, wooded on every side
with 'oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras,' and the wild fowl rising
in clouds and numbers past surmising.
Yes: the ancient voices speak once more,
as spring, praised then by Will and Ben,
winds up our country clock again:
their spring, still living, now
when caterpillars tent the bough,

and seagulls speak

over the alewives running in Payne Creek.

The lyre-tree, seven-branched, the ancient plum, has cast
her sterile bloom, and the soft skin is cast

to glisten on the broken wall,

where the new snake sleeps in altered light;

and before sun-up, and late at night,

the pinkwinks shrill, the pinkwinks trill,

crying from the bog's edge to lost Sheepfold Hill.

Spring, spring, spring, spring, they cry,

water voice and reed voice,

spring, spring, spring, spring, they rejoice,

we who never die, never die!

But already the mayflower on the sidehill is brown and dry,

Dry Hill is dry, the bog is drained,

and although for weeks it has not rained,

and the quick plough breaks dust,

yet towards summer the golden rod and wormwood thrust.

The woodchuck is in the peas. And on his log,

the whip-poor-will shrieks and thumps in the bright May-morning fog.

Three hundred years from Will and Ben,

and the crab-apple sage at Hawthornden;

and now they wind our country clock again,

themselves, whose will it was that wound it then.

Three hundred years of snow and change,

the Mermaid voices growing lost and strange;

heard at first clearly on this yellow sand,

ghost voices, shadow of ghost and whisper of ghost,

haunting us briefly in the bright and savage land,

heard in the sea-surf, then sunk in silence, lost.

Yet not lost wholly:

in deed, in charter, and in covenant sweetly kept,

in laws and ordinances, in the Quaker's Thee and Thou,

in the grave rites of death and birth, the marriage vow,

and the ballad's melancholy.

Sung by the driftwood fire or behind the plough,

in the summer-kitchen to the loud cricket-song,

sung at maying, sung at haying.

shouted at husking to the fiddle's playing,
murmured to the cradle's rocking.
the wheel humming, the treadle knocking.
And in the names kept too: sorrel and purslane,
ground ivy, catnip, elecampane,
burdock and spurge and sultry tansy,
woad-waxen, and the Johnny-jump-up pansy.
Yet even so, though in the observance kept,
here most of all where first our fathers slept,
was something of the spirit that became idle, and at last
lost all that love; and heard no more
the voices singing from a distant shore.
Intricately, into the present, sank the past:
or, dreaming only of the future, slept.

II

God's Acres once were plenty, the harvest good:
five churchyards, six, in this sparse neighbourhood,
each with its huddled parish of straight stones,
green rows of sod above neat rows of bones.
The weeping-willow grieves above the urn,
the hour-glass, wingèd, awaits its immortal turn:
on every slab a story and a glory,
the death's head grinning his memento mori.
All face the sunset, too—all face the West.
What dream was this, of a more perfect rest:
One would have thought the east, that the first ray
might touch them out of darkness into day.
Or were they sceptics, and perforce, in doubt,
wistful to watch the last of light go out:

And in the sunset the names look westward, names like eyes!
The sweet-sounding and still watchful names. Here lies
Mercy or Thankful, here Amanda Clark,
the wife of Rufus; nor do they dread the dark,
but gaily now step down the road past Stony Brook,
call from the pasture as from the pages of a book,
their own book, by their own lives written,
each look and laugh and heartache, nothing forgotten.
Rufus, it was, who cleared of bullbriar the Long Field,

B

walled it with fieldstone, and brought to fabulous yield
the clay-damp corner plot, where wild grape twines.
Amanda planted the cedars, the trumpet-vines,
mint-beds, and matrimony vine, and columbines.
Each child set out and tended his own tree,
to each his name was given. Thus, they still live, still see:
Mercy, Deborah, Thankful, Rufus and Amanda Clark,
trees that praise sunlight, voices that praise the dark.

The houses are gone: the little shops are gone.
Squirrels preach in the chapel. A row of stone
all now that's left of the cobbler's, or in tall grass
a scrap of harness where once the tannery was.
And the blue lilacs, the grey laylocks, take possession
round every haunted cellar-hole, like an obsession:
keep watch in the dead houses, on vanished stairs,
where Ephraim or Ahira mended chairs:
sneak up the slope to where the smokehouse stood,
and herrings bronzed in smoke of sweet fernwood.
Lost, lost, lost, lost—the bells from Quivett Neck
sing through the Sabbath fog over ruin and wreck,
roofs sinking, walls falling, ploughland grown up to wood.
Five churchyards, six, in this sparse neighbourhood:
God's Acres once were plenty, the harvest good.

III

Three hundred years: in time's eye only a moment.
Time only for the catbird's wail,
from one June to another, flaunting his tail,
the joyful celebrant with his own mournful comment.
Time only for the single dream,
as, in this misty morning, all our generations seem,—
seem only one, one face, one hope, one name:
those who first crossed the sea, first came,
and the newborn grandchild, crying, one and the same.
Yes now, now most of all, in the fateful glare
of mankind's hatred everywhere,
time yields its place, with its own bell
uncharms and then recharms its spell:
and time is gone, but everything else is here,

all is clear, all is one day, one year,
the many generations seem,
and are, one single purpose, one single name and dream.
Three hundred years from Will and Ben
our country clock's wound up again.
And as it chimes, we hear ourselves still saying
the living words that they said then—
words for haying, words for maying,
love of earth, love of love, love of God,
but most the strong-rooted and sweet-smelling love of sod,
earth natural and native in the clay-red heart,
ourselves like pines in the sand growing, part
of the deep water underground,
the wild rose in the mouth, the sound
of leaves in surf and surf in leaves,
wind suffering in the chimney and round the eaves,
forgetfulness in the running brook, sleepiness in the sand,
forget-me-nots in the eyes, moonlight in the palm of the hand.

All's here, all's kept, for now
spring brings back that selfsame apple bough
that crossed the sea three hundred years ago.
It is our heart, our love, which we had lost,
our very ghost,
forgotten in trouble on an alien coast.
Now, in the many-voiced country lane
which parts the fields of poverty grass and clover,
as the loud quail repeats twice over
Bob White, not quite, not quite, Bob White,
see it again and say it again,
world without end to love and have it,
bee-blossom heart to love and live it,
this holy land, our faith itself, to share again
with our godfathers, Will and Ben.

[This poem first appeared in the *Virginia Quarterly*.]

LAURIE LEE

FIELD OF AUTUMN

Slow moves the acid breath of noon
over the copper-coated hill,
slow from the wild crab's bearded breast
the palsied apples fall.

Like coloured smoke the day hangs fire,
taking the village without sound;
the vulture-headed sun lies low
chained to the violet ground.

The horse upon the rocky height
rolls all the valley in his eye,
but dares not raise his foot or move
his shoulder from the fly.

The sheep, snail-backed against the wall,
lifts her blind face but does not know
the cry her blackened tongue gives forth
is the first bleat of snow.

Each bird and stone, each roof and well,
feels the gold foot of autumn pass;
each spider binds with glittering snare
the splintered bones of grass.

Slow moves the hour that sucks our life,
slow drops the late wasp from the flower,
the rose tree's thread of scent draws thin
and snaps upon the air.

STEPHEN SPENDER

ABSENCE

No one is perfection, yet
When, being without you, I console
Myself, by dwelling on some blemish
Once marked, which now might mar the whole,
Telling myself your absence might become my wish,

Oh, then, that blemish which I set
Between us, vanishes.
I see only the pure you in your eyes,
Remembering how they light,
With love. All that between us lies
Is opened like a gate
Through which our memories unite
The radiance of our wishes.

Absence has the quality of ice
On a high peak, above a landscape of snow:
It is a freezing lens which magnifies
The valley of the roofs and hearths below.
Each twig and footprint shows in glassy outline
Of black and white which simplifies
Like passion. Blank light shines
On the home faces, surrounding them with white
As though flesh were the halo of the eyes.

Arrows of light pierce through the mist,
Lapis lazuli has pressed
Its burning way through smothering cloud,
To show upon the world your face which seems
A miracle among macabre dreams,
Like a madonna painted on a shroud.

INTRODUCTION

LOOKING for some little Christmas masque or morality to gratify his readers, something with a taste of the time, the Editor of HORIZON has hit on Acts I and II of Jarry's *Ubu Cocu*, reprinted from a newly found manuscript (a variation of *Ubu Enchainé*) by the Trois Collines Press of Geneva. The play was written for the 'Marionettes of the Théâtre de Phynances' in 1900, but—such progress has the new century made—that there is no scene among those provided for his puppets which has not since been re-enacted many times over by real people in all countries. Poppa Ubu, with his mysticism, his fanatical belief in progress, in the essential goodness of human nature, in the responsibilities of friendship and—despite his unfortunate situation—in the sacredness of the family tie—is an epitome of the common man struggling for decency in the world we live in or (as some think of a great power assuming responsibility for a lesser; and he has every right, we feel, to be known as the Santa Claus of the Atomic Age.



*The only genuine
portrait of Père Ubu*

ALFRED JARRY (1873-1906)

UBU COCU

ACT I

Scene : Salon in the home of Professor Achras

ACHRAS: Oh but it's like this, look you, I've no reason to be discontented with my polyhedra; they bear their young every six weeks, it's worse than rabbits. And it's also quite true to say that the regular polyhedra are the most faithful and devoted to their master, except that this morning the Icosahedron was a little fractious, so that I was compelled, look you, to give it a slap on each one of its faces. And that's the sort of language they understand. And my thesis, look you, on the habits of polyhedra—it's getting along nicely, thanks, only another twenty-five volumes!

(Enter flunkey.)

FLUNKEY: Sir, there's a bloke out there who wants to have a word with you. He's pulled the bell off with ringing, he's broken three chairs trying to sit down.

(He gives Achras a card.)

ACHRAS: What's all this? Monsieur Ubu, sometime King of Poland and Aragon, Professor of Pataphysics? That makes no sense at all. What's all that about? Pataphysics! Well, never mind, he sounds a person of distinction. I should like to make a gesture of good will to this visitor by showing him my polyhedra. Have the gentleman come up.

(Enter Poppa Ubu in travelling costume, with a suitcase.)

UBU: Hornstrumpot, Sir! What a miserable kind of hang-out you've got here, we have been obliged to ring the bell for more than an hour, and when, finally, your servants made up their minds to let us in, we were presented only with an orifice so minute that we still don't understand how our strumpot was able to navigate it.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, excuse me. I wasn't at all expecting the visit of such a considerable personage . . . otherwise, you can be sure I would have had the door enlarged. But you must forgive the absent-mindedness of an old collector, who is at the same time, I venture to say, a great savant.

UBU: Say that by all means if it gives you any pleasure, but

remember that you are conversing with a famous pataphysician.

ACHRAS: Excuse me, Sir, you said:

UBU: Pataphysician. Pataphysics is a branch of science which we have invented and for which a crying need is generally experienced.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, if you're a famous inventor, we'll understand each other, look you, for between great men . . .

UBU: A little more modesty, Sir! Besides, I see no great man here except myself. But, since you insist, I have condescended to do you a most signal honour. Let it be known to you, Sir, that your house is convenient for us and that we have decided to make ourselves at home here.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, look you . . .

UBU: We will dispense with your expressions of gratitude. Ah, by the way, I nearly forgot. Since it is scarcely right that a father should be separated from his children, we shall be joined in the immediate future by our family—Madame Ubu, and by our dear sons and daughters Ubu. They are very quiet, decent, well-brought-up folk.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this you see. I'm afraid of . . .

UBU: We quite understand. You're afraid of boring us. All right then, we'll no longer tolerate your presence except by our kind permission. One thing more, while we are inspecting your kitchens, and your dining-room, you will go and look for our three packing-cases of luggage which we have deposited in the hall.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this—that's not a good idea at all to install yourself like that with people. It's a manifest imposture.

UBU: A magnificent posture! Exactly, Sir, for once in your life you've spoken the truth.

(Exit Achras.)

UBU: Are we right to behave like this? Hornstrumpot, by our Green Candle, let us consult our conscience. There it is, in this suitcase, all covered with cobwebs. It is obvious that it's of no earthly use.

(He opens the suitcase. Enter Conscience as a big fellow in a night-shirt.)

CONSCIENCE: Sir, and so forth, be so good as to take a few notes.

UBU: Excuse me, Sir, we have no fondness for writing, though we have no doubt that anything you have to say would be most interesting. And while we're on the subject, I should like to know why you have the cheek to appear before us in your shirt?

CONSCIENCE: Sir and so forth, Conscience, like Truth, usually goes without a shirt. If I have donned one, it is out of respect for the distinguished audience.

UBU: As for that, Mr. or Mrs. Conscience, you're kicking up a great fuss about nothing. Answer this question rather. Should I do well to kill Mr. Achras who has had the audacity to come and insult me in my own house?

CONSCIENCE: Sir and so forth, to return good with evil is unworthy of a civilized man. Mr. Achras has lodged you, Mr. Achras has received you with open arms, and made you free of his collection of polyhedra, Mr. Achras, and so forth, is a very fine fellow, quite harmless; it would be cowardly and so forth, to kill a poor old man incapable of defending himself.

UBU: Hornstrumpot, my good conscience, are you quite sure he can't defend himself?

CONSCIENCE: Absolutely, Sir, so it would be a coward's trick to make away with him.

UBU: Thank you, Sir, we shan't need you any more. Since there's no risk attached, we shall assassinate Mr. Achras, and we shall also make a point of consulting you more frequently, for you know how to give us better advice than we had anticipated. Now, into the suitcase with you!

(He closes it again.)

CONSCIENCE: In which case, Sir, I think we can leave it at that and so forth, for to day.

(Enter Achras, backwards, prostrating himself with terror before the three red packing-cases pushed by the flunkey.)

UBU *(to flunkey)*: Off with you, sloven—and you, Sir, I want a word with you. I wish you every kind of prosperity and I beg you, out of your great kindness, to perform a friendly service for me.

ACHRAS: Anything, look you, which you can demand from an old professor who has consecrated sixty years of his life, look you, to studying the habits of polyhedra.

UBU: Sir, we have learnt that our virtuous wife, Madame Ubu, is most abominably deceiving us with an Egyptian yclept Memnon, who performs the triple functions of a clock at dawn, at night a barrel scavenger, and in the daytime becomes the cornutator of our person. Hornstrumpot, we have decided to wreak on him the most terrible vengeance!

ACHRAS: As far as that goes, look you, Sir, as to being a cuckold I can sympathize with you.

UBU: We have resolved then to inflict a severe punishment. And we can think of nothing more appropriate in this case, to chastise the guilty, than the torture of Impaling.

ACHRAS: Excuse me, I still don't see very clearly, look you, how I can be of any use.

UBU: By our green candle, Sir, since we have no wish for our scheme of justice to go astray, we should be delighted that a person of your standing should make a preliminary trial of the Stake, to discover how it performs its function.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, look you, not on your life—that's too much. I regret, look you, that I can't perform this little service for you, but it just doesn't make sense at all. You've stolen my house from me, look you. You've told me to bugger off and now you want to put me to death, oh no, that's going too far.

UBU: Don't distress yourself, good my friend. It was just our little joke. We shall return when you have quite recovered your composure.

(Exit)

(The Three Palcontents come out of the chests.)

(Song)

THE THREE P's: We are the Palcontents
We are the Palcontents
With a face like a rabbit
Which seldom prevents
Our bloody good habit
Of croaking the bloke wot lives on his rents.
We are the Pals
We are the Cons
We are the Palcontents.

CRAPENTAKE: In a great box of stainless steel

Imprisoned all the week we feel
That Sunday is the only day
When we're allowed our getaway.
Ears to the wind, without surprise
We march along with vigorous step
And all the passers-by cry 'Hep'
Those must be bloody poor G.I.s'.

THE THREE: We are the Palcontents, *etc.*

BINANJITTERS: Every morning we get called
With the Master's boot on our behind
And half-awake our backs are galled
By the bleeding kit we ave to mind
Then all day long with hammer greasy
We bash your skulls in good and easy
Till we restore to Pa Ubé
The dough from the stiff's we've croaked this day.

THE THREE: We are the Palcontents, *etc.*

(*They dance. Achras terrified sits down on a chair.*)

FOURZEARS: In our ridiculous loonyforms
We wander through the streets so pansy
Till we can plug the bockle-an-jug
Of any guy whom we don't fancy.
We get our eats through platinum teats
We pee through a tap without a handle
And we inhale the atmastale
Through a tube as bent as a Dutchman's candle.

THE THREE: We are the Palcontents, *etc.*

(*They dance round Achras.*)

ACHRAS: O but it's like this, look you, it's ridiculous, it doesn't
make sense at all.

(*The stake rises under his chair.*)

Oh dear, I don't understand it, if you were only my poly-
hedra, oh dear, look you, have mercy on a poor old pro-
fessor. Look—look you—There's no sense in it, you see.

(*He is impaled and raised in the air despite his cries. It grows pitch dark.*)

THE PALCONTENTS: (*ransacking the furniture and pulling out
money bags from it*)

Give the finances to Pa Ubu. Give all the finances—to Pa

Ubu—let nothing remain, not one sou, to go down the drain for the Revenue. Give *all* the finance to Pa Ubu!

(*Going back into their chests.*)

We are the Pals, we are the Cons, we are the Palcontents.
(*Achras loses consciousness.*)

* * *

(*Achras (empaled), Pa Ubu, Ma Ubu.*)

UBU: By my green candle, my sweet child, how happy we shall be in this house!

MRS. UBU: There is only one thing lacking to my happiness, my friend, and that is to meet the worthy host who has placed such entertainment within our grasp.

UBU: Don't let that upset you, my dear, to forestall your every wish I have had him set up here in the place of honour!

(*He points to the stake. Screams and hysterics from Madame Ubu.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II. *The same.*

(*Achras empaled. Conscience, half coming out of the suitcase.*)

CONSCIENCE: Sir.

ACHRAS: Hron.

CONSCIENCE: And so forth.

ACHRAS: What's beyond this 'Rhon' I wonder. It's like this—
I ought to be dead, leave me in peace.

CONSCIENCE: Sir, although my philosophy condemns outright any form of action, what Mr. Ubu did was too unworthy, I am going to disempale you.

(*He lengthens himself to the height of Achras.*)

ACHRAS: (*disempaled*) I'm not the one to say no, Sir.

CONSCIENCE: Sir and so forth, I should like to have a brief interview with you. Please sit down.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, look you, don't talk of that. I should never be so rude as to sit down in the presence of an ethereal spirit to whom I owe my life, and besides, I just don't feel like it.

CONSCIENCE: My conscientious inner consciousness and sense of justice tell me it's my duty to punish Mr. Ubu. What revenge would you suggest?

ACHRAS: Hey, but it's like this, look you, I've thought about it for a long time. I shall simply unfasten the trap-door into the

cellar . . . hey—put the arm-chair behind it, look you, and when the good chap, look you, comes in from his dinner, he'll bust the whole thing in. Hey and that'll make some sense! Goodie-goodie!

CONSCIENCE: Justice will be done and so forth.

(*He gets back into the suitcase.*)

(*Enter Père Ubu.*)

UBU: Hornstrumpot! You, sir, certainly haven't stayed put as I arranged you. Well, since you're still alive to be of use to us, don't you forget to tell your cook that she's in the habit of serving the soup with too much salt in it, and that the joint was overdone. That's not at all the way we like them. It's not that we aren't able, by our skill in pataphysics, to make the most exquisite dishes rise from the earth, but that doesn't prevent your methods, Sir, from provoking our indignation.

ACHRAS: Oh, but it's like this, that shan't happen again.

(*Père Ubu is engulfed in the trap*)—If you see what I mean.

UBU: Hornstrumpot, Sir! What is the meaning of this farce: Your floor-boards are in a rotten state. We shall be obliged to inflict a heavy penalty.

ACHRAS: It's only a trap-door, look you.

CONSCIENCE: Mr. Ubu is too fat, he'll never get through it.

UBU: By my green candle, a trap-door must be either open or shut. All the beauty of the Phynance Theatre lies in the smooth functioning of its trap-doors. This one is choking us, it's flaying our transverse colon and our great epiploon. Unless you get me out I shall be a dead man.

ACHRAS: All that's in my power, look you, is to charm your last moments by the reading of some of the most characteristic passages, look you, of my Treatise on the habits of Polyhedra, and of the Thesis which I have taken sixty years to compose on the tissues of the Conic Section. You'd rather not? Oh, very well, I'm going—I couldn't bear to watch your end, it's too sad.

(*Exit*)

UBU: My conscience, where are you? Hornstrumpot, you give me good advice, don't you! We shall do penitence and perhaps restore into your hands some small fraction of what we have taken. We shall desist from the use of our debraining machine.

CONSCIENCE: Sir, I've never wished for the death of a sinner, and so forth. I offer you the customary helping hand.

UBU: Hurry up, Sir, we're dying—Hurry up and pull us out of this trap-door and we shall accord you a day's leave of absence from your suitcase.

(Conscience, after releasing Ubu, throws the suitcase in the hole.)

CONSCIENCE *(gesticulating)*: Thank you, Sir. Sir, there's no better exercise than gymnastics! Ask any hygienist.

UBU: Hornstrumpot Sir! You indulge in a great deal of horseplay. To show you our superiority in this, as in everything else, we are going to perform the prestidigicious leap, which might surprise you, when you take into account the enormity of our strumpot! *(He begins to run and jump.)*

CONSCIENCE: Sir, I entreat you, don't do anything of the sort, you'll only stove in the floor completely, and disappear down another hole. Observe our own light touch. *(He remains hanging by his feet.)* Oh! Help, help—I'm going to wrench my kidneys, come and help me, Monsieur Ubu.

UBU: *(sitting down)* Oh no. We shall do nothing of the kind, Sir. We are performing our digestive functions at this moment, and the slightest dilatation of our drum-pot will make us instantly perish. In two or three hours at the most, our digestion will be finished and we'll fly to your aid. And besides, we are by no means in the habit of unhooking such tatters off the peg.

(Conscience shakes itself, and falls on Ubu's stomach.)

UBU: Ah, that's too much, Sir. We don't tolerate anyone trying horseplay on us, and you won't be one to get away with it.

(Not finding the suitcase, he takes Conscience by the feet, opens the door of the lavatory at the end of the room, and shoves it head first down the drain.)

Scene II

(Pa Ubu, the Three Palcontents, upright in their packing-cases.)

THE THREE: Those who despise his beady eyes are all of them fools, and flunk-at-schools who'll get a surprise ere the day is out and learn what his machine is all about. For he doan wan' his royal person to be joked about by a son-of-a-gun. Yeh, he doan like his little Mary to be passed remarks on by Dick or Harry. This barrel that rolls, arrel that rolls, arrel that rolls is Poppa Ubu.

(Meanwhile Pa Ubu lights his green candle, a flame of hydrogen in a steam of sulphur, and which, constructed after the principle of the Philosopher's Organ, gives out a perpetual flute-note. And he hangs two notices up on the wall:)

'Machine-pricking done here'

and

'Get your nears cut'.

CRAPENTAKE: Hey, Mister! Some folks gets all the trouble. Mr. Presscock, he's been eleven times this morning to your office in Bleed-pig Square. Hey!

BINANJITTERS: Mister, as you told me to I've carried a case of combustible clenched fists to Mr. Borwell and a full Crappy Box to Mr. Chas. Borgan. Hey!

FOURZEARS: I've been in Egypt, Mister, and I've brought back that there singing Memnon. By reason of which matter, as I don't know if he roightlee has to be put up before he sings every morning, I've set him up in the room underneath. Hey!

UBU: Silence, my eager beavers. We are moved to meditation. Thesphere is the perfect form. Thesun is the perfect planet, and in us nothing is more perfect than our head, always upturned towards that star, and stretching towards its form—what else but our eye, mirror of this orb and cast in its likeness!

The sphere is the form of the angels. To man it is given to be only an incomplete angel. And yet, more perfect than the Cylinder, less perfect than the Sphere, from the Barrel radiates the hyper-physical body. We, its isomorph, are passing fair . . .

THE THREE PALCONTENTS: Those who aren't skeered of his Joadstool beard are all of them fools and flunk-at-schools who'll find themselves ere the day is done with his knacking-machine to start their fun.

(Father Ubu, who was sitting at his table, gets up and walks.)

THE THREE PALCONTENTS: This barrel that rolls, arrel that rolls, arrel that rolls is Poppa Ubu, and his strumpot huge, his trumpot huge, his rumpot huge is like a . . .

UBU: *Non cum vacaveris, pataphysicandum est*, as Seneca has said. It would seem a matter of urgency that we get a patch inserted in our suit of woolly philosophy. *Omnia alia negligenda sunt*, it is certainly irreverent, *ut huic assideamus* to

employ the infamous usage as of emptying casks and barrels, which is deeply to insult our Master of Finance here present. *Cui nullum tempus vitae satis magnum est* and that's the reason why we have invented this instrument which we have no hesitation whatsoever in designating by the title of Shittapump. (*He takes it from his pocket and puts it on the table.*)

THE THREE PALCONTENTS: Hey Mister! Yas suh!

UBU: And now as it's getting late, we shall go to bed. Ah, I forget: coming back from Egypt you will bring us some mummy-grease for our machine, although apparently it runs away very fast, hornstrumpot! and is extremely difficult to get hold of.

(*He takes his green candle and his pump and goes out.*)

Scene III

(*The Palcontents sing, without moving, while the statue of Memnon is erected in the middle of the stage, on its base of a wine-barrel.*)

THE THREE PALCONTENTS:

Tremble and quake at the Lord of Finance
little bourgeois who's getting too big for his pants!
It's too late to scream when we're skinning your arses
for the Palcontent's knock means he'll chip off your block
with that sideways look through the top of his glasses...

Meanwhile at dawn Pa Ubu leaves his couch
No sooner awake than he's a hundred rounds to make,
With a bang he is out and about on the floor
where the verminous Palcontents snuzzle and snore.
He pricks up his ear, lets it down with a whistle,
with a kick on the bum they fall in to the drum
till the courtyard's a mass of unmilitary gristle.
Then he reads his marauders their bloodthirsty orders
throws them a crust, betimes an onion raw
and with his boot conducts them through the door.
With ponderous tread he quits his retinue
enquires the hour, consults his clockatoo
'Great God, 'tis six! but we are late today.
Bestir yourself, my lady wife Ubé!
Give me my shittaboard and money-tweezers.'
'Oh, Sir,' says she, 'permit a wife's suggestion

of washing your dear face is there no question?
 Such topics displease the Lord of Finance
 (Sometime King of Aragon, of Poland and of France;)
 through his foul breeks he infiltrates his braces,
 and, come rain or snow or hail, slanting to the morning gale
 bends his broad back towards the lonely places.

[Translated by C.C.]

WAR AND PEACE

I.—BERLIN 1944-1945

FL. TRISMEGISTES

Dear HORIZON

You asked me to tell you quite frankly how we lived in Berlin last winter, or, rather, what the *Götterdämmerung* of the Third Reich was like. I accepted, although I know that it is impossible to transmit in words the 'real' image of a country to someone outside it, particularly when the country in question is one from which he has been separated for a long time by a curtain of fire and lies. So much the worse if my anecdotes do not give you a clear impression. I ask you to accept them as such, and some of them may amuse you.

In actual fact, all the Nazis, even the worst ones, are not detestable all of the time, and life in a bombed city may even be agreeable—sometimes. My work caused me to meet with more Nazis—but fewer bombs—than the average Berliner. I will not tell you about what I have seen. It is not a panorama that I am seeking to present; but perhaps these swift impressions will amend, on several points, the general idea which you have formed from outside.

I think that the distress and sufferings of the civilian population of a great city attacked without respite are such as an Englishman may well understand. Multiply the destruction in London by ten or twenty, and you will have the picture in Berlin. Every night, 40 to 80 Mosquitoes brought us their loads of 'Luftminen' ('*Kleiner Verband schneller Kampfflugzeuge*', the radio announcer commented); Flying Fortresses came over in hundreds, and seemed to prefer daylight raids. The fear of losing everything,

c

including life, was a constant and universal preoccupation—but man becomes accustomed to everything, even to this; and women and children, perhaps, accommodate themselves better than we do. Overcrowding was rife in a city where 90 per cent of the houses had suffered serious damage, but whose population had only diminished by one half. (It is true that not all the districts had been so fiercely attacked as the fashionable West End; for example, only one building of the immense congeries of the Osram factories was affected; and it is an interesting detail, if one refuses to regard it merely as the finger of fate, that it was the Russians who destroyed the factory . . .) Certainly nothing can be so sombre and distressing as a whole city where the idea of ‘house’ is automatically associated, to some degree, with fire, ruin and death, and never with stability and duration. It was possible to foresee that the occupation armies’ first reaction, which would sooner or later become dominating, should be that of *pity* . . .

And yet, on arriving in Berlin, it was the indifference of the masses in the presence of catastrophe which struck you. They went about their business, did their shopping amidst mountains of ruins, made their way along pavements obstructed with bricks and mud, as if nothing had happened. In a building with a gaping façade you might find, on the fourth floor, but facing on to the back yard, a flat where gas, telephone and electricity were intact. This was quite a common occurrence. I have spent some of the most comfortable hours of my life in the one remaining room where lived, ate and slept the owners of one of the most beautiful houses in the Kurfürststrasse. Wooden arrows guided you from the street through the débris which littered the square. Most of the pictures were stored, under State protection, somewhere in a disused Silesian mine, but an interest in Matisse and Picasso remained alive, and a taste for English literature as well. Every day, between 1 and 2 p.m., diplomats from the Wilhelmstrasse, several industrialists, and friends passing through Berlin, sat down together at the one round table. There was always enough to eat, and food coupons were always refused. The host cycled eight miles to break his 15 or 16 hour working day at the General Staff Headquarters. We spoke freely—that is to say, all the guests knew the code of *sous-entendus* and the latest B.B.C. news without any direct allusion being made. I learned later that the lady

of the house committed suicide four days after her husband was taken away to prison by the Russians . . .

The shops were empty. The windows (small apertures cut in enormous wooden panels) certainly exhibited some articles, but in practice one could buy nothing, except with the help of a '*Ausgebombtenschein*', or at the smart shops of the Unter den Linden in exchange for cigarettes. Coffee (collected stocks of which the Germans were selling in occupied countries against foreign competition) was kept for special occasions, such as receipt of compensation for one's flat or one's car, and the purchase of a suit or a bottle of brandy. I had an overcoat of pure English cloth made for me by a tailor in the Friedrichstrasse with a Polish-Jewish name. It cost me 3,500 marks, a pound of coffee and 20 cigars. Yet the best meal at the Eden cost not more than 8 or 10 marks. Rents and prices had been stabilized, and life cost us nothing.

At the end of January, I was present at one of the last concerts of the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Furtwangler in the Admiralspalast. Two-thirds of the seats had been given to soldiers on leave and to shock-workers. And yet, except for the blinding sheets of light which interrupted the Mozart symphony for an hour, the atmosphere was one of total '*dépaysement*'. It was at the time when the first convoys of refugees were arriving at the eastern stations. Exhausted women and children dead with cold were being lifted from cattle-wagons. At night, the neighbouring streets were blocked with a mass of misery sleeping on the bare pavements. (The journalists who have recently returned from Berlin with the same pitiful accounts in their notebooks—and with an anti-Soviet bias—were not there on 3 February, when Allied bombers attacked these same stations and the trains besieged by thousands who could not get into the shelters. Nor were the journalists in Poland and Czechoslovakia where these same refugees led a grand life exploiting the *Untermenschen*, who, when liberated, drove them from their countries. For the Chancelleries and the armies in the field, war can cease from one day to another: but in the East it will only cease with the end of the occupation, or with the annihilation of the Germans. This is not an opinion: it is a fact.)

* * *

The whole edifice was held together by terror alone. I will indicate later the reasons which seem to me to explain the

Germans' extraordinary resistance. Its backbone was obviously constituted by Himmler's machinery (his S.S., his S.D., *Sicherheitsdienst*, and his Gestapo). I had met with it in the occupied countries, but I would never have thought that in Germany itself I could have felt so brutally its subterranean and penetrating ubiquity. In France, in Belgium, on all occasions and everywhere, one encountered pockets of free air—with some friends, in some café, in the Métro, even. Nothing like that in Germany. The possibility of treason clung to the very soles of your feet. (I was indeed surprised when, for the first time, *Germans* confided to me their dread of the unexpected double visit at 6 o'clock in the morning!) The law wisely neglected petty civil crimes; 'ordinary' thieves and murderers risked only being sent to the front, where even the *Himmelfahrtskommando* left them a chance to live. If, on the other hand, the accused had committed his theft under cover of the blackout, for example, or had robbed a dignitary of the Party or the State, he appeared before the *Volksgericht* for 'sabotage of the resistance forces' (*Schwächung der Wehrkraft*), and was condemned to death. A critical reflection on the régime or on the conduct of the war reported to the police involved imprisonment at least; if you had insidiously given it the appearance of eulogy (*Heimtücke*), the punishment might be capital. The Gestapo had thousands of spies at their command, who, in turn, had informers in all walks of life. It was considered heroic to listen to a foreign radio alone in one's room. It was a criminal offence not to denounce a delinquent, even if he were a member of your family. It was considered suspect to know nothing. (This terror, which did not prevent thousands of Germans from effective resistance and active post-war preparations, but which sent quite as many to concentration camps, exploited to the full the Germans' natural respect for the military hierarchy. Gedyé, in his *Fallen Bastions*, tells the story, which I remember well, of how the Socialists in Vienna, attacked by Dollfuss's troops, decided against occupying an important railway station, because only passengers had the right of access to the platforms. Similarly, on 20 July, General Haase, who had come to arrest Goebbels 'because Hitler was dead', caused himself to be arrested without resistance when Goebbels communicated with the Führer by telephone in his presence.)

Furthermore, it would be inaccurate to interpret 20 July as

the first attempt to overthrow the Nazi yoke: it was, rather, the last victory of the S.S., resulting in the alignment of the nobility, which had hitherto succeeded in maintaining a certain aloofness (and which had, till then, suffered least from the régime). In fact, Himmler's reprisals were so swift and effective that one could not help suspecting that he knew of the plot, that he perhaps even encouraged it, as something which would inevitably give him an opportunity for action, and that only the attempted assassination, which Hitler seemed to have escaped by a miracle, had not been foreseen, or had not been foreseen in its actual form. This alignment of the nobility and that of the industrialists is an excellent illustration of the situation of the ruling classes under the Third Reich. Nazism deprived neither class of its essential prerogatives: on the contrary, it consolidated the large ancestral estates, and codified, in its Labour Charter, the right of 'leaders of enterprise' summarily to regulate their dealings with the workers. Hitlerism 'aligned' individuals in the state and within their respective classes; it did not interfere with their traditional hierarchies. It even tolerated some exceptions: Gottfried von Bismarck, though seriously compromised in the 20 July affair, was acquitted by the *Volksgericht*. Thyssen, the industrialist, whom the Germans recaptured in Paris in 1940, after he had fled from Germany through Switzerland, publicly repudiating his Nazism, yet was allowed to live peacefully at his home until the liberation by the Allies. (Where is he now, by the way?)

* * *

It cannot be denied that the 'machine' continued to revolve. Despite the bombardments and despite the limitless efforts exacted from everyone, decrease in production did not make itself felt unduly, and the distribution of food—not abundant, but two or three times superior to that allocated by the occupying armies at present—functioned without bottlenecks. As late as February, the State seemed to be in such complete control of the situation, that the black market, in butter, for example, was regulated by a coupon system: one knew that the coupons would be honoured. Trains ran with remarkable punctuality: the non-stop Berlin-Hamburg Pullman service was not interrupted until March. Even in Berlin, the S.Bahn ran all night.

Of course, deaths at the front increased in number. But their

very frequency made them less noticeable; besides, it was forbidden, except in the *Schwarze Korps*, to publish them in the Press or in printed announcements, and the wearing of mourning was considered unpatriotic. People only wanted it all to end as soon as possible. How was it to end? They had a government to worry about that. I have preserved two documents which show the point to which fanaticism had become a national habit. The first is a Press cutting in which a pastor announces '*in stolzer Trauer*' the death of his eighth son; the second is a card on which a young woman informs her acquaintances '*in stille Trauer aber zugleich voll dankbarer Freude*' at the same time of the birth of her son, of the death of his father, who was killed at the front eight months before, and of her posthumous marriage with him.

The raids were terrifying, but the shelters were excellent. Enormous cellars fitted with bunks (the one under the Zoo had the cubic space of Selfridge's, and could accommodate 10,000 people) were equally distributed over the whole city. The Wilhelmstrasse shelter, 50 metres below the Adlon, provided welcome opportunities for many diplomatic conversations and social rendezvous. During the alert, a special radio station installed at Flack headquarters broadcast a communiqué on the progress of the battle. Moreover, the enemy planes did not arrive unheralded. Every German listened in to the hourly *Luftlage* broadcast by all stations, and as soon as a formation penetrated into German territory, a special transmitter for the benefit of night fighters gave its exact situation, its strength, altitude and direction. The country was divided into alphabetically designated regions, with corresponding Christian names, and although the map was secret, each household had charted a copy for itself, so as to be able to make plans in advance, or to pass the time playing the family game of 'Bertha, Bertha'. There was a red formation, a blue one, and a green one, red 2, blue 2 and so on, and bets were made as to the town over which 'they' would make their swoop . . . At 'Gustav-Friedrich', you packed up your bag and joined in the nocturnal tide flowing to the shelters: Berlin would be sounding the alert in 10 minutes.

The Germans seemed able to take everything in their stride: and yet the war was terrible. There was Hamburg, with its inhabitants transformed into living torches, precipitated into the middle of the city by an ascending whirlwind of fire. There was

Dresden, attacked for three nights in succession; three to four thousand refugees from the East thought themselves safe there 'because there were no industries' and 'because an aunt of Churchill lives in Dresden'; the warning system was destroyed; aeroplanes, 'hedge-hopping' over the parks, machine-gunned men, women and children lying flat on the ground; at a conservative estimate, the death-roll was 120,000; the bodies were burnt on pyres erected in public squares. (Why should we ignore this? These are facts, and the Germans had accepted the risk. But how can we hope to impress those who have seen such things with photographs of corpses found in the horror camps? That was 'only' a matter of Jews, of Poles . . .)

* * *

The defence against death was to live as well as possible.

The wedding of my friend F. was a great success. From Austria and from the Rhine, on leave from the Eastern front, his friends had come to Berlin, for the last time, perhaps, who knows? The evening before, a *Luftmine* had smashed all the windows of the hotel—and five hundred in the Wilhelmstrasse. But the damage had been repaired that very morning. Round the impressive buffet crowded wedding guests in full evening dress, and the remainder of 'all Berlin' . . . Dörnberg, President of the Council—of that *Auswärtiges Amt* where they claimed to be able to do nothing, except to give reasons for the decisions of the S.S.—dominated the crowd with his blond six feet six. There were disputes as to who was the more beautiful, the daughter-in-law of the late Reich Ambassador to Paris, or the Hungarian wife of Mussolini's last Ambassador, Anfuso (who has been condemned to death, yet lives peacefully in Spain). Austrian princes recounted their woes: their castles invaded by refugees, their possessions sent away as far west as possible, the pictures to Salzburg, the silver to the Swiss frontier. 'It is terrible,' the Countess F. confided to me, '*die Portiere sint an der Oder* . . .'

In the evening, we met again at the Princess W.'s, of whom it was rumoured that she belonged to the S.D. She received us in the cellars of her blasted and gutted house; there was a salon-boudoir, and a 'ball-room' with a rather uneven floor. A Croatian Count (a former tennis ball-boy turned diplomat, who had ennobled himself in order to be more worthy of sharing the bed of a Ruhr magnate's wife) had lent his Cuban servants to form the

orchestra. Among the guests were some convalescent officers, one with a silver shoulder, another with a wooden leg. These were the most pleasant of the lot. That night, twelve formations of Fortresses were announced over Germany; the sirens howled, but the shelter was too deep, the cold was too biting, and, with the help of the champagne, we continued to dance. A Swiss friend told me how a *Luftmine* had blasted his Legation; at two o'clock in the morning, two high officials of the Wilhelmstrasse had come to inquire into the damage, and on the following day half a company of soldiers were already at work clearing the débris . . . We went home at about 4 o'clock in the morning. The houses were silhouetted against a sky still red from several fires.

* * *

Then there were the foreigners. Sometimes it seemed that there were more of them than of the Germans.

In the streets, first of all: small groups, under strict guard, in the striped clothes of convicts, or in tattered, motley uniforms; Poles with a large 'P' on their backs, the Russians most wretched of all; the permanent presence of shame. Even more than the bombs, perhaps, these funereal processions evoked the vague presentiment of inexorable doom. One day other men, their compatriots, but better armed than they, would come after them, and, as Goebbels himself predicted, would take Germans away in their turn. It was hoped that regular armies would be on the spot to prevent their free vengeance. The Russians were in Silesia. I remember the conductor Karayan parting from me at the Brandenburgertor with the furtive remark that they must have reached the eastern camps where Jews were gassed . . .

The Adlon was the headquarters of prosperous foreigners: of the cunning and resourceful Déat, 'l'Allemand' as he was nicknamed while still at the *Ecole Normale*; of General Bridoux, faithful to Pétain through stupidity, a natural reactionary, and disgusted with the Germans (he had replaced Scapini—who, in August 1944, had at last seen the light, but was being harried from one antechamber to another). It was there, too, that I met Degrelle, heavy rather than handsome, in the uniform of an S.S. officer. He was returning to the Eastern Front, and was complaining of the Germans' lack of drive; his wife and children—with a certain amount of money and some jewellery, of course—

he was hoping to send off to Switzerland (he himself, at the time of writing, is still at San Sebastian).

The Adlon maintained the traditional surroundings as far as possible. To obtain a table, it was necessary to slip several cigars into the hand of a *maitre d'hôtel* seemingly disdainful, yet grateful withal, and the waiters frequently bickered across the tables over cigarettes which had been left. But even so, this was better than the Esplanade, where the waiters served in their winter coats, because of the lack of heating . . .

* * *

Perhaps it is in this tenacious and completely universal will to keep up the appearances of normal life that we should look for the secret of the resistance of the German people, and this normal life, in its turn, gave them the confidence which they so desperately needed. For, when all is said and done, they knew well that the war was lost, and that this massacre of populations 'was no longer a war'. On the other hand, defeat 'would be worse than anything else'. Therefore, it was rumoured that the alliance between the British and the Russians could not last; Himmler, according to the S.S., was planning a separate peace with Stalin; the Russians would stop at the Vistula, or at the Oder, then; or, at the last moment, the British would be allowed to walk in (that is what Kesselring was trying to do when he transferred more than sixty divisions from the West to the East in March and April).

And all this time the country was sliding ever faster towards the abyss. Each month the German people bound their fate more closely to that of Nazism, and, in the hope of a final miracle, shrank before the increasing risks of a revolution. The same reflex had determined the attitude of the democracies to Hitler, who, from one crisis to another, had increasingly powerful means to oppose their eventual intervention, which was deferred each time by the hope of an improbable appeasement. To support a rising, the German resistance had at their disposal neither a parachutists' service, nor, above all, an assurance of the arrival of a liberating army. On the contrary, whether it was acclaimed or not, the Allied occupation could not fail radically to disorganize production and distribution in Germany. In the occupied countries, anti-fascism could appeal to nationalism: in Germany, it had the most murderous bombardments to justify. And finally, how could they believe that the gigantic efforts and the

privations of so many years had all been vain, and that Germany, whose early aspirations had been universally recognized as legitimate, could disappear after having dominated nearly all Europe?

And yet that is what has happened, with consequences more terrible than any which one dared to imagine.

But there is nothing to regret. Germany, in choosing Hitler as her leader, could not have had a war different in kind from that which the Allies were obliged to make her undergo. This war will not have taken one victim too many if the world will understand that the price of victory today is the massacre of civilian populations and the extermination of the enemy.

Germany exists no longer as an economic and military power, but the German problem remains crucial. The people's will for the unity of the Reich has survived; in order that this will may not nurture a new Fascism, the best course will be not a vain attempt to break it, but to weld it into an efficient instrument for the collaboration between the 'West' and the 'East'. The primary aim of such a collaboration, which is the extinction of Nazism, cannot itself be attained except by becoming the *national* task of a German people reinvested with responsibility. If she is liberated, as I hope she will be, from a social and economic régime of exploitation of man by his fellow, Germany reborn will be freed from the need to dominate others under her yoke.

Perhaps defeated Germany will learn this lesson sooner than some of her victors.

Yours very sincerely,

FL. TRISMEGISTES.

[Translated by NATALIA GALITZINE]

II—RHINELAND JOURNAL

STEPHEN SPENDER

COLOGNE

AT Hagen I had seen a good deal of damage, and again at Hamm, where most of the centre of the town was destroyed. Also all along the route from Oenhausen there were bridges destroyed, detours, temporary wooden bridges touchingly named after

some member of the Royal Engineers—McMahon's Bridge, Piper's Bridge, Smith's Bridge, etc.; but it was in Cologne that I realized what total destruction meant.

My first impression on passing through was of there not being a single house left. There are plenty of walls, but these are a thin mask in front of the damp, hollow, stinking emptiness of gutted interiors. Whole streets with nothing but the walls left standing are worse than streets flattened. They are more sinister and oppressive.

Actually, there are a few habitable buildings left in Cologne: three hundred in all, I am told. One passes through street after street of houses whose windows look hollow and blackened—like the opened mouth of a charred corpse; behind these windows there is nothing except floors, furniture, bits of rag, books, all dropped to the bottom of the building to form there a sodden mass.

Through the streets of Cologne thousands of people trudge all day long. These are crowds who a few years ago were shop-gazing in their city, or waiting to go to the cinema or to the opera, or stopping taxis. They are the same people who once were the ordinary inhabitants of a great city when by what now seems an unbelievable magical feat of reconstruction in time, this putrescent corpse-city was the hub of the Rhineland, with a great shopping centre, acres of plate glass, restaurants, a massive business street containing the head offices of many banks and firms, an excellent opera, theatres, cinema, lights in the streets at night.

Now it requires a real effort of the imagination to think back to that Cologne which I knew well ten years ago. Everything has gone. In this the destruction in Germany is quite different from even the worst that has happened in England (though not different from Poland and from parts of Russia). In England there are holes, gaps and wounds, but the surrounding life of the people themselves has filled them up, creating a scar which will heal. In towns such as Cologne and those of the Ruhr, something quite different has happened. The external destruction is so great that it cannot be healed and the surrounding life of the rest of the country cannot flow into and resuscitate the city, which is not only battered but also dismembered and cut off from the rest of Germany and from Europe. The ruin of the city is reflected in the internal ruin of its inhabitants; instead of being

able to form a scar over the city's wounds, they are parasites sucking at a dead carcass, digging among the ruins for hidden food, doing business at their Black Market near the cathedral, which is the commerce of destruction instead of production.

The people who live there seem quite dissociated from Cologne. They resemble rather a tribe of wanderers who have discovered a ruined city in a desert and who are camping there, living in the cellars and hunting amongst the ruins for the booty, relics of a dead civilization.

The great city looks like a corpse and stinks like one also, with all the garbage which has not been cleared away, all the bodies still buried under heaps of stones and iron. Although the streets have been partly cleared, they still have many holes in them, and some of the side streets are impassable. The general impression is that very little has been cleared away. There are landscapes of untouched ruin still left.

The Rhine with the destroyed bridges over it had a frightening grandeur on the day when I crossed over the Engineers' bridge. There were black clouds broken by glass-clear fragments of sky. Gleams of light fell on the cathedral which, being slightly damaged, looks like a worn Gothic tapestry of itself with bare patches in the roof through which one sees the canvas structure. But it is the comparatively undamaged cathedral which gives Cologne what it still retains of character. One sees that this is and was a great city, it is uplifted by the spire of the cathedral from being a mere heap of rubble and a collection of walls, like the towns of the Ruhr. Large buildings round the cathedral have been scratched and torn, and, forming a kind of cliff, they have a certain dignity like the cliffs and rocks under a church close to the sea.

The girders of the Rhine bridges plunged diagonally into black waters of the Rhine frothing into swirling white around them. They looked like machines of speed diving into the river, their beautiful lines emphasizing the sense of movement. Or where they do not swoop like javelins or speedboats into the river, broken girders hang from piers in ribbons, splinters and shreds, a dance of arrested movement. In the destroyed German towns one often feels haunted by the ghost of a tremendous noise. It is impossible not to imagine the rocking explosions, the hammering of the sky upon the earth, which must have caused all this.

The effect of these corpse-towns is a grave discouragement which influences everyone living and working in Germany, the Occupying Forces as much as the Germans. The destruction is *serious* in more senses than one. It is a climax of deliberate effort, an achievement of our civilization, the most striking result of co-operation between nations in the twentieth century. It is the shape created by our century as much as the Gothic cathedrals are the shape created by the Middle Ages. Everything has stopped here, that fusion of the past within the present, integrated into architecture, which forms the organic life of a city, a life quite distinct from that of the inhabitants who are after all only using a city as a waiting room on their journey through time: that long, gigantic life of a city has been killed. The city is dead and the inhabitants only haunt the cellars and basements. Without their city they are rats in the cellars, or bats wheeling around the towers of the cathedral. The citizens go on existing with a base mechanical kind of life like that of insects in the crannies of walls who are too creepy and ignoble to be destroyed when the wall is torn down. The destruction of the city itself with all its past as well as its present, is like a reproach to the people who go on living there. The sermons in the stones of Germany preach nihilism.

PROFESSOR C——

As soon as I had arrived in Bonn, I called on Professor C——. Although half of Bonn is destroyed, his ground-floor flat was in an almost untouched part of the city, and he and his wife were still living there.

I had known C—— very well before 1933. He lectured in modern languages at Heidelberg and then at Bonn. He was one of the foremost exponents of French literature in Germany under the Weimar Republic and had written books on Balzac, the French Symbolists and Proust.¹

In the summer of 1931 a friend had given me an introduction to C—— in Baden-Baden. At this time he was a man of 45. We went for many walks together in the Black Forest, during which he talked much of literature. He was the only teacher I had (for he was, in effect, my teacher) who never lost sight of the direct connection between literature and living. It is difficult to define this, except to say that he talked about every subject

¹See my *September Journal*, HORIZON, 1940.

concretely, which made one feel that one could grasp hold of and use it to enable one to live better one's own life. Another of his characteristics as a teacher was his clear grasp of what I could and could not learn. He never gave me the feeling that I ought to be good at things of which I had no understanding. He gave me instead a sense of both my limitations and my potentialities.

Shortly after I had first met him, C—— married. His wife had formerly been his student. After this I used to go every year or so to visit them, here at Bonn. He had an excellent library and many interesting things. He lived well, liking good company, good food and good wine. He and Frau C—— travelled much, particularly in France, Italy and Spain. He had connections with the outstanding writers and scholars of these countries and he was generally respected.

After Hitler's seizure of power it would have been easy for him to leave Germany and go to Paris, Madrid, Rome, Oxford or Cambridge. His position in Germany was made no easier by the fact that he had, in 1932, published a book in which he violently and even hysterically denounced the activities of the Nazis in the German Universities. This book nevertheless was a defence of the German tradition, written in a nationalist spirit. Besides attacking the Nazis, it attacked the proletarianization of literature and it criticized the influence of Jewish ideas.

Since 1933, I have often wondered why C—— didn't leave Germany. I think really the reason was a passion for continuity, a rootedness in his environment which made him almost immovable. He had modelled his life on the idea of that Goethe who boasted that during the Napoleonic struggle he had been like a mighty cliff towering above and indifferent to the waters raging hundreds of feet beneath him. If he always detested the Nazis he also had little sympathy for the Left, and the movement to leave Germany was for the most part a Leftwards one. Above all, he may have felt that it was his duty, as a non-political figure, to stay in Germany, in order to be an example before the young people of the continuity of a wiser and greater German tradition. In spite of everything, he was very German.

From 1933 to 1939 I saw little of him because I was scarcely ever in Germany, but I remember staying with him for a few days in 1934. At that time he did not concern himself with politics, but his flat had become a centre where every visitor

came and upbraided the régime, usually from a Catholic point of view. It so happened that I told him there were a few people in England who thought that although the Nazis stood for many things of which the English should disapprove, nevertheless there was an idealist side to the movement, and that Hitler himself was an idealist unaware of the evil of some of the men around him.

C—— got up from the chair in his study where he was sitting, when I said this, and said: 'If you think that, come for a walk with me'. We went along the shore of the Rhine. When we had got almost as far as Godesberg, he stopped and pointing with his stick, said: 'Do you see that hotel? Well, that's the hotel where those rascals, Hitler with them, stayed a few weeks ago, and deliberately plotted the murders which took place on June 30th.' (Incidentally, it was the hotel where Chamberlain later visited Hitler.) He looked at me with an expression of finality. Then, surprisingly, he burst out laughing. We walked back to the house.

During the next years I heard from friends that his life became increasingly difficult. At first he seemed indifferent to the Nazis and went on teaching, while refusing to do any of the things which the Nazis required of him. I suppose that later on he must have compromised to some extent, or he would have been imprisoned. Apparently he became more and more unhappy and was driven into greater isolation. Sylvia Beach, who saw him in Paris in 1936 or 1937, told me that then, before he would talk to her, he insisted on taking a taxi to a café in a suburb, and even then he kept on looking round to see if he was observed. He had to stop teaching French and took to mediæval Latin. Then, finally, he gave up teaching almost entirely. He and his wife saw almost no one. His reputation became gradually smothered until he was scarcely known amongst the younger Germans. Ten years ago he was well known inside as well as outside Germany. Today, in Germany, he is only known to scholars.

The rooms which had once been well lit, pleasantly furnished, were now bare and dingy. As I came in through the front door, I saw another door on my right with a notice on it: NO ADMITTANCE. FOR OFFICERS ONLY. This had been put up by the Americans who had requisitioned part of the flat when they were in Bonn. It was being kept up as a memento.

C—— was moved to see me. He took me into his library, now just a bare empty room with no carpets, very few books

on the shelves, and just enough furniture for an alcove to be used as a dining-room whilst the other end of the room was used as a study.

We plunged very quickly into explanations. I said that I had come to inquire into the intellectual life of Bonn. C—— said that there was almost no intellectual life left in the whole of Germany, but that nevertheless it was important that I should talk to people and excellent that a writer like myself should understand what was happening in Germany.

Within quite a few minutes and before any of us had mentioned our personal histories during the past five years, we were talking about the war. C—— wanted me to understand that many students from Bonn had gone into the war not wishing to win, but fighting desperately. They fought for their country, but 'they had that monster on their backs—the Nazi Party. They knew that whether Germany won or lost, they themselves were bound to lose.'

C—— said rather aggressively that anyone outside Germany who maintained that it was possible for the German anti-Nazis to prevent war, should make a serious study of the effects of government by terror, propaganda, lies and perverted psychology in modern scientific conditions. 'You seemed to expect us to stand up or go out into the street and say that we opposed the war and the Party. But what effect could that have had except our own destruction? It certainly would not have stopped the war. It was not *we* in Germany but you, the democracies, the English, the French and the Americans, who could have stopped the war at the time of the Occupation of the Rhineland. We were all confidently expecting that you would do so at the time. What were we to think when you let Hitler march in?'

'Don't you think, then, that Germany is responsible for this war?'

'Of course,' C—— replied; 'it is absolutely clear that Hitler started the war. There is no doubt about that at all. It is the first fact that every German must realize. In spite of all Goebbels' propaganda, every German who says otherwise is either an ignoramus or a liar. The trouble with the Germans is that they have no experience of political freedom. Right up to the last century they were governed by ridiculous little princelings. Then they came under the Prussian militarists. They have never freed themselves from servile habits of mind. They have never governed themselves.'

I answered: 'I can quite well understand that the general mass of the people were first deceived and then terrorized by the Nazis. What I can't understand, though, is that no section of educated Germans ever put up any united resistance. For example, how is it that the teaching profession, as a whole, taught all the Nazi lies about race and deliberately set about perverting the minds of the young? I can't believe that this would have happened in England. A majority of English teachers would refuse to teach what they considered to be lies about history and biology. Still less would they teach their pupils to lie. And they would have refused to teach hatred.'

C—— shrugged his shoulders and sighed deeply. 'Although some teachers did in fact resist, right up to the end, nevertheless the profession as a whole was swamped by Nazi ideas. Alas, too many German teachers are militarist and nationalist in their minds before they are teachers, and they think of nothing but teaching discipline. Unfortunately this is also true to a great extent of the Universities.'

'If you condemn the whole teaching profession of a nation, surely that is very serious? It implies condemning the whole nation?'

'You cut off the head of a king several hundred years ago. The French also rose against their king and their aristocrats. The basis of freedom in the democracies is the idea that it is always possible to revolt against a tyrant. The Germans have never risen against a tyrant. Even today, it isn't the Germans who have risen against Hitler. The Germans always submit.'

The C——s had many complaints about the Occupation. What struck me in conversation with them and with other intelligent Germans was the indiscriminating nature of these complaints. Some of the things complained about, though distressing, seemed inevitably the result of losing a war. For example, when Bonn University was occupied (Bonn was first occupied by the Americans), an American soldier was observed in the library tearing all those books which had been rescued from the fire, and which were laid on a table, out of their bindings, and then hacking at them with a bayonet. On being approached by a Professor, he explained his conduct by saying: 'I hate everything German'. This story was circulated in University circles as an example of American barbarity. To my mind, it illustrates nothing except the stupidity inevitably attendant on war. In

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war, those countries which are invaded suffer from the defects of the invader's civilization. Thus places invaded and occupied by the Americans suffer inversely from the extravagance of American civilization. The Americans, accustomed to a climate of over-production, have been extravagant in their destruction of furniture, grand pianos, books, etc.

Some of the complaints I heard were almost frivolous. For example, in Bonn, people complained that the Americans were far too slow in liberating the Rhineland, and, particularly, Bonn. The story of the townspeople is that in the autumn of 1944 the Nazis were in full flight across the Rhine. Only frightened S.S. men, out of panic, fired a few shots. At that the Americans made a full-scale retreat of fifteen miles and did not advance again until the spring of 1945. 'We can understand that American civilization is unwarlike and that the Americans do not want to practise military virtues,' a professor said to me, 'but you have no idea how difficult it is being conquered by a people who can't fight. Everything happens so slowly.' This kind of complaint, coming from an intelligent man, illustrates the amazing egotism of the Germans, which has now been accentuated by their having been cut off for so long from the rest of the world.

On two occasions I saw large American trucks (when the Americans were leaving Bonn) drive right over civilian vehicles which were parked against the pavement. In one case a car was transformed in an instant into the shape of a twisted biscuit tin, in another a cart was utterly smashed and the horse thrown wounded on to its back. In neither case did the American truck driver ever turn round to see what he had done.

If one measures these things against the monstrous cruelties committed by the Nazis, they are, of course, nothing. I cannot make up my mind whether there is any sense in measuring them in this way. Yet it seems to me that a driver of a truck, when, chewing his gum, he drives over a German horse and cart, may perhaps have an image of Nazi crimes in Holland in his mind. The whole development of our time can, as it were, absorb a good many such small satisfactions in the way of revenge. But one should never lose sight of the fact that the one and only true measure of our actions is not a picture of the past, but one of a future in which it is possible for the peoples of the world to live at peace with one another.

The C——s complained a good deal about non-fraternization. How, they asked, could we influence the Germans if we were not allowed to speak to them nor they to us? Did we realize that Germany had been completely isolated from ideas outside the country for many years, and that now, unless we gave some lead and introduced our own ideas, Germany would be left in a mental vacuum? The Vacuum became quite a key phrase at this time. Finally it even occurred in a directive from Field Marshal Montgomery.

C—— drew my attention to the contrast between our behaviour and our propaganda. Thousands of Germans during the war, especially during the last stages, had listened to the B.B.C. and to American broadcasts promising democracy, freedom, discrimination between our treatment of the good and the bad Germans. Was it in our own interest now to create the impression that our propaganda had simply been empty words and vain promises, like that of Goebbels?

BONN

I left the C——s and walked back through Bonn towards the Officers' Transit Mess.

A pleasant road, overshadowed with trees, running parallel to the Rhine leads from the end of the road where they live to the centre of Bonn which, from this end of the town, may be said to begin with the University whose entrance bridges the road. On either side of this broad leafy road there were houses and hotels, many of them destroyed. Heaps of rubble often made it impossible to keep to the pavement.

Beyond the University gate everything, including almost the whole of the main old University buildings, the shopping centre and the market-place is destroyed. Over the gate the wall of the University stood, a yellow colour, surmounted by the gleaming gold statue of St. George against the sky among the high boughs of chestnut trees. But there was nothing except charred emptiness behind this outer wall. Between the centre of the town and the Rhine everything had been smashed by shell fire in the last stages of the fighting. Occasionally I saw written on a wall some surviving Nazi slogan—'VICTORY OR SIBERIA', 'BETTER DEATH THAN SIBERIA', 'WE SHALL WIN—THAT IS CERTAIN', or 'THE DAY OF

REVENGE WILL COME.' There was something strangely evangelical about these slogans, and one would not have been surprised to see 'GOD IS LOVE' or 'ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE' among them. Frequently there appeared on the wall a black looming figure with a question mark over his shoulder. At first I thought this might be one of the Nazi leaders, but it turned out to be a warning against spies.

By the banks of the Rhine, the beer gardens, hotels and great houses were all smashed to pieces. In a space amongst the ruins which formed a protected nest, there was a burnt-out German tank. Scattered all round it ammunition lay on the ground—shells the shape of Rhine wine bottles, still partly enclosed in their careful packings of straw and fibre.

The great bridge was down, collapsed into the river. Close to it, by a landing stage, an A.A. gun which had been used as an anti-tank gun, was still pointing with exemplary precision at the end of the bridge on the opposite side of the Rhine.

Bonn stank as much as Cologne or as the towns of the Ruhr. In addition to the persistent smell which never left one alone—like an over-Good Companion—the town was afflicted by a plague of small green midges which bred I suppose in all the rubble and also in rubbish heaps, for no rubbish had been collected for several months and in many streets there were great heaps of waste with grass and even tall potato plants growing out of a mass of grit and stalks and peel.

At night these small flies crowded thick on the walls of the bedrooms. At mealtimes they got into any and every drink. One night I went for a walk along the Rhine. When I returned, the sun had set and the flies lay like a thick bank of London pea-soup fog on either side of the river. They swarmed into my eyes, nostrils and hair, dissolving into a thin green splodge of slime when I tried to brush them off.

* * *

The Rector of Bonn University, Dr. Konen, is a vigorous man of seventy. He has a worn, thin narrow face with a refined spiritual expression. He also has a sense of humour. He likes to illustrate what he is saying with metaphors, parables, images, stories. But he does not become garrulous.

Konen lives not far from von Beckenrath in a house on the hills of Godesberg above the Rhine, looking out over the river

towards the beautiful Siebengebirge. His house is old fashioned, crowded with furniture, but at the same time clean and bright.

Konen explained the situation at Bonn University since Hitler came to power and during the war. He said that after 1933 the Professors were divided among themselves into several groups. There were those who actively supported the Nazis in trying to introduce a completely nazified education into the Universities; those who were active Nazis but who nevertheless retained a certain respect for objective values and for the tradition of the Universities which they wished should remain independent; those who were non-active Party members; those who were not Party members but who did not oppose the Party; those who remained detached from politics; and, lastly, those who seriously tried to resist the influence of the Nazis. He said that about half the teachers in the University never supported the Nazis, and that there were never more than 45 per cent. who were Party members. On the whole, he thought that a high level of teaching was maintained.

I said that most observers in England had the impression that the minds of the young were poisoned by Nazi teaching.

He said that the young were confused, spiritually starved, but not poisoned in the simple and direct way that we imagined. 'Try and imagine what it was like for a young person to be educated in Germany. If he became whole-heartedly a Nazi, he would be involved in endless duties and fatigues. His time would never be his own. He would be allowed no independence of thought. He would be expected to break away from all loyalties to his home and family. His parents, if they wished him to be a Nazi, would have to surrender him body and soul to the Party. In the early days a good many young people were swept completely into the Movement. But later on it was not so. During the war many of my students have visited me. I can assure you that most of them have wanted nothing more from the future than a wife, a home and a job.'

As I was leaving the house, he stopped me at the door and said vigorously: 'I have every confidence that if I am asked to teach my students again, I shall be able to do so. I am not frightened of the students being beyond my control. A University represents a certain benefit to the community, like a farm, and as cows provide milk, so we professors can satisfy an intellectual need.'

Professor Cloos, geologist, whom I met in the classroom of an undamaged building of the University in a suburb, is a small temperamental man with untidy long hair and a sunburnt out-of-door appearance. He has a very emphatic manner. He has thrown himself into the Civil Government, organizing educational activities. He has arranged such concerts and recitals as have recently been given for civilians in Bonn.

Like the other professors whom I had visited, I deliberately selected him for interviewing because he had a reputation for being opposed to the régime. He was emphatic in his defence of his students. 'The brown colour of the Nazis has spread less far than you imagine,' he said. 'In any case, the Rhineland is a part of Germany which has always resisted the Nazis most. I myself have always retained my influence over my pupils because they knew I was no Nazi. It was the Nazi professors who were not respected and who therefore lost their influence. Some of the students passionately desired Germany's defeat. Here in this classroom, there was a reunion of my students to toast the Allied victory when the Americans landed in North Africa.'

He said that several medical students evaded military service, not because they were cowards, but because they were always opposed to the war. As a geographer he was able to help a few of them to escape into Switzerland by showing them on the map the places where it was easiest to cross the frontier. He said that academic youth had always been a centre of resistance to the Nazis.

These were the statements of exceptional Germans, and they certainly do not represent the views of the ordinary German. They are the views of the few intellectuals whom Hitler always railed against because they never had faith in German victory and they always stood outside the German community.

Even these men had certain views which, I think, show the influence of ten years of Nazi ideology. For example, they all viewed the outside world entirely in terms of power. They interpreted the Zones of allied occupation strategically. The British Zone was to them *Die Bruecke*, the British bridgehead on the Continent. They noted that the decision of the British that they must occupy an area of the Continent from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Elbe, meant an abandonment of the former British reliance on the bridgehead of France. They did not think that we could afford ever to give up *Die Bruecke*, and they

therefore assumed that their fate and future were now cast together with those of Britain. They pointed out that the British, the Rhinelanders and the people of Hamburg had interests and characteristics in common, amongst which was to be counted a hatred of Prussia, and of the centralized government of Germany from Berlin. They regretted very much that we did not firmly and definitely announce our intentions with regard to Germany, so that they could envisage their future as part of the British Empire more clearly. For it was as part of the British Empire that they now were ready to see themselves, and there is nothing very striking about the question of a prominent catholic priest, Father R—— to me: Did I believe that, in ten years, the British Zone might be granted Dominion status?

Another attitude which they shared was a bitter and unconcealed resentment and fear of the French whose occupation of part of the Rhineland they regarded as the greatest of the indignities which they had to endure. The French, they said, were beaten, they were finished as a nation and as an Empire, and the resurrection of the corpse of France by the power of the Allies was intolerable to them.

Until the day of the atom bomb, they shared in common with nearly all Germans, the view that Russia would eventually either occupy the whole of the European mainland or else be defeated by the Western powers. The habit of envisaging every situation in terms of power, forced their minds to this conclusion. They pointed out that the greater part of the American army soon would have left the Continent and then that the balance of power between Russia and the West would be altered decisively in favour of Russia. To the German mind, the conclusion that Russia will attack the West is inevitable.

GUILT

One morning I called on C—— again. He was sitting at his table which was piled up with many heaps of books. One of these was *The Ondt and the Gracehopper*, a fragment of *Finnegans Wake*. This contained many marginal notes by C—— explaining the derivations of some of these punning portmanteau inventions of Joyce. The book was inscribed to C—— by James Joyce.

For some time we talked about Joyce. Then he said: 'I want to sell this book, but I don't know how much it is worth'. I said

'I'll try to find out in London. But in any case you couldn't sell it there now, on account of various Exchange regulations.' 'That does not matter. In a year or eighteen months would do.' 'Why do you want to sell your books? Are you hard up?' 'No I'm not. And in any case there is nothing to buy in Germany. I used to like beautiful books and charming things, but now I want to get rid of them all. I have collected bad editions of all the books which I shall want to read during the rest of my life.' He pointed to some drab rows of books on his shelves. I said: 'I shouldn't sell your books, because in five years' time everything will be different, and then you will probably regret not having beautiful things.' 'No,' he said, 'I know it will be impossible for any German to get out of all this—with any dignity or self-respect—for more than five years. We have made ourselves hated all over the world, and now we are condemned to imprisonment in the ruin which is Germany. In five years or in ten years' time I shall be an old man. I am already sixty.'

Later I discovered that he certainly had another reason for selling his things. He was afraid that during the coming winter his wife might need a store of cash in order to save them from starvation.

We talked of France. I told him that I had seen Sylvia Beach, who was formerly Joyce's publisher. I said that she had been interned during the Occupation of France. I told him that before the war I remembered seeing in her shop a beautiful girl aged 18 or so. This girl was Jewish. The Germans had ordered Sylvia to give her notice. Sylvia explained that she was an American and that as a citizen of the United States, she did not recognize the anti-Jewish laws. The Germans then interned Sylvia. The girl was put on a train for Poland. She was never heard of again.

I spoke also of my friend Ghisa Drouin. She also was Jewish and she had, while caring for her family in Paris, been subject to the laws relating to Jews. She had to wear the Star of David, to sit on a special bench in the park, to travel in a special compartment of the Métro, and she was only allowed to shop between certain hours in the morning. In order to keep her family, she had to shop at other hours, knowing all the time that if she was caught she also would be put on a train bound for Poland.

When I was in Paris in May I dined with the Drouins. Ghisa sat at one end of the table, her husband at the other end, and

opposite me was their little son, Georges, aged 10. Ghisa started talking about the Germans when they were in Paris. She told how they made a special choice sometimes of deporting the oldest and the youngest member of a family, a grandmother and a grandchild, for example.

At this, Georges, who had been watching us with large eyes said: 'And they took away one of my comrades from school'.

'Yes,' said Ghisa quickly, 'they took away a school friend of his aged 11, together with his grandmother, aged 75.'

'And we never heard of him again,' said Georges. On his mouth there was a strange expression, a frozen mouth of a Greek tragedy mask. We changed the subject and talked of other things.

There was a silence. Then C—— touched my arm and said: 'When you spoke of guilt a few nights ago, I wanted to tell you something. It is that the Germans *are* guilty of the most terrible crimes, and that they can build nothing new unless they repent of them.

'After the last war, when I was a young man, I was full of hope that we could build a new Germany. But we failed, and during these years I have felt an increasing and indescribable disgust for this people. I have no faith in them at all. And as for myself, I know that I shall be an old man before we have recovered from this.

'What can we hope of a people who accepted as a slogan Goering's "Guns instead of butter", and who yet at the same time were so incapable of drawing conclusions that right up to the outbreak of war they went round proclaiming "The Fuhrer is so clever, he will never lead us into war?".'

POLES

Sitting on a bench under some trees, gazing out over the Rhine, with empty expressions on their faces were six men dressed in ragged Reichswehr uniforms. I thought at first that they were German prisoners, but on talking to them, I found that they were Poles.

They talked very bad German, expressing themselves with uncouth, heavy gestures, rather than with words. Two of them were much younger than the others, and, in their grey-blue uniforms, with their thin, pinched faces, looked like Picasso clowns of the Blue Period.

'You English are much too kind to these filthy Germans, much

too kind,' one of them said heavily. Another of them took up his meaning: 'Now they all go round here, they all go round, everyone of them, saying "I was never a Nazi, no I was never a Nazi."' A third went on: 'They all take off their hats, they all bow. They can't be kind enough to you, not friendly enough.'

'But what were they like before?' This chorus went on, passing from one to another of them, taken up from mouth to mouth, while, when one was speaking, the others relapsed into morose silence: 'We were herded together like cattle. We were made to work like slaves.' 'Nothing was bad enough for us.' 'When we arrived in trucks at railway stations, the children used to gather around us and shout "Dirty Polack!" "Filthy Polack!"' 'We never received a kind word from anyone.' 'We were here for five years, and no one ever looked at us nicely or showed us a kind act. Not one.'

The oldest man said: 'Thirty thousand people were killed in the town where we came from. My son here is with me.' 'Yes,' said his son, 'I am with my father, but we know nothing of my mother and my sister. All the others here have lost all their relatives.'

There was a silence, then one of them said: 'We were paid 20 marks a month for our labour, but most even of that was taken away.' 'Look, two of us were told to unload a whole railway wagon in a morning.' 'If we couldn't do it, we were fined of our wages.'

'We would sooner work twenty years under the Americans or the British than for one year under the Germans.'

SOME CONCLUSIONS

It is surely true that there exists now, in all the world, an international of well-intentioned men and women. If I were to define their characteristics, I would say that they were not necessarily either democratic or anti-democratic, left or right, or the representatives of any class. On the whole, though, they regard the evils of the democratic systems of government as decisively less than those of the authoritarian ones, their sympathies are more often towards the Left than towards the Right (although not always so), and a proof of their good will is a serious concern with the welfare of ordinary people. Their conscious or unconscious faith is Christianity, and probably the most serious division of opinion between these people of good will is as to whether they regard

human nature as more good than bad or more bad than good. But as to aims they would agree that at this stage in the world's history any sacrifice of nationalist or class interest is not only justified but necessary if it is in the interests of establishing peace; that all aggressive nationalist intentions are to be absolutely condemned; that civilization can only be saved if it is founded on a double security of peace and social justice. Above all, these people feel that it is their duty to express and make clear these aims which are already in men's hearts and minds, so that when it becomes clear that they are in fact the deepest wishes of all people in all nations, the doubt and suspicion and self-interest which obstruct their being fulfilled will be the more easily cleared away.

If the previous paragraph sketches a state of mind which is very widespread and which indeed predominates in every international conference which I have ever attended (though it rarely leads to any results), then one can scarcely doubt that there are Germans, living in Germany, who have felt like this. One aspect of the German problem is not that there are no Germans of good will, but simply that there are not enough of them.

The result of this isolation is that the German intellectuals show all the defects of their weakness, sometimes (as in the case of C——, considering themselves quite outside the German people, by whom C—— is 'disgusted'), and sometimes going over to the cause of the strong, just because they find themselves so weak.

The impression of the Polish prisoners as to the behaviour of the overwhelming majority of Germans whom they encountered in their long wanderings, is undoubtedly a true one. It is a terrible testimony which explains why now in every corner of Germany one stumbles upon some new horror, a mass grave or a prison camp.

At the same time, there were undoubtedly a few Germans who right through the war did not believe in a German victory, and others who feared such a victory almost as much as the enemies of Germany. These were the intellectuals whom Hitler was always railing against, and although one has no sympathy with Hitler's point of view, there was a certain shrewdness in his analysis of these people as being completely cynical, and against everything and everyone. They had lost all faith, because they suffered from a sense of depression the extent of which one can

only understand when one has lived for some weeks in Germany.

One great problem is to revive the political life of Germany in a democratic sense. Few people have fully realized the difficulty of this problem, which is that although there are political parties in Germany, there are no real political issues, since neither the fate nor the resources of Germany are in German hands. Political experiments in Germany are rather like political experiments and 'party government' in a progressive school of decrepit boys and girls, living amongst ruins.

Another great problem—which I have never seen discussed—is to create a body of opinion and to present to the German people personalities who are not completely identified with the Occupying Forces, and whom the Germans can respect as being outstanding individuals. It seems to me that this is where the German intelligentsia might play a most important rôle. For this is the only section of German society which includes outstanding individuals of good will. Moreover these historians, philosophers, theologians, etc., are not discussing problems which conflict with the interests of the Occupation. At the same time, the need of spiritual leadership in Germany is very great. There is certainly, as Mr. Bevin has pointed out, as great a spiritual as a material crisis of starvation in Germany.

From this point of view we can regard Germany as Sodom. If we can find ten good Germans, we can save the spiritual life of Germany. That is to say, if we can put ten Germans whom the Germans can respect as being not only Germans, but men accepted and listened to by the outside world, into touch, through every possible means of freedom of movement and publicity, with the German people, and with the outside world, we shall have shown the Germans the path which leads them up from despair and darkness, the path which also leads them into the European community.

There is a great need in Germany to discuss—on the highest intellectual level—not only questions of party, but also questions of religion, questions of German history, the German conception of power, the way of life. In Germany there may be men of exemplary disinterestedness—men who have always been against the Nazis—who can speak to the Germans of these things which concern them more immediately than politics. Such Germans are to be found in the concentration camps, in the Churches and

the Universities. Some of them are to be found amongst the refugees. However, the refugees can only influence Germany if they are prepared to give up everything: that is to say, if they are prepared, like Karl Barth who has returned from Switzerland to Bonn University, to go back to their country and live there as Germans. The greatest need of the Germans today is for the personal example of outstanding people who can teach them how to overcome their despair and how to harness their guilt feelings to an active repentance.

ROBIN IRONSIDE PAUL KLEE

THE art of Klee may be heard before it is seen; there is a throbbing of gold and silver wires, a loosening of notes, that fall upon the ear *larghetto* and whose delicate amplitude of sound is perpetually renewed among a thousand subtle and capricious discords. The music is instrumental; the far-off singing of a catch or a round may be faintly audible, but the voice is not an element in the *euphony*; it is an occasional piercing interruption, a sudden lamentation or an impious scream; and as the instruments resume, we are assured that they do not weave their mellifluous pattern in a void, that there is nothing absolute or abstract in their cadence. Every passage is allusive, each dissolving strain may shake out some dull or comfortable oblivion from the human breast.

As we open our eyes, the sounds fade, the scale is seen to be chromatic and the tones luminous, imaging with ever-greater complexity the preternatural geography of the artist's vision, a fertile zone, planted with parks and gardens, fairest when it is 'night-hung', when the chlorotic moon sinks with her flora and fauna into its waters and the trees 'take the far stars for fruit'. At whatever hour of darkness or light, the vegetation delights the sense with colour, with July greens, sulphurous or rotten yellows, dark lilacs, 'roses meurtries'—colours that were seen by Jules Laforgue through the rose window of a cathedral; there is indeed a remote echo of mediæval art in the painting of Klee; his *farbige Blätter* have the quality of illuminations, of a book of hours, and also of the verses of Rimbaud, or of that (armorial

d'anémie), the Flower Book of Burne-Jones. But there are botanic regions in the land they depict with more distant climatic associations; we may feel that its creator has imported seeds from beyond Harar, from the banks of the Ganges, that he has sent to the Pacific and that there algæ have been 'unravelling from the tumbling main', *Dasya elegans* or *Ptilota plumosa*, to be threaded into the fabric of his lakes and plantations. Intercepting the fragile luxuriance of such regions are prospects of a more temperate but not less equivocal scenery, dry-cool gardens, coniferous thickets 'close shut, festooned and grey', and fields wantonly plotted and pierced, their fruits acrid and dubiously nutritious. Towards the periphery of the area, the pavilions and pastoral habitations that are sparsely scattered in the interior give way to ports, frail box-like settlements cheated by the proximity of hospitable seas into forgetting their vulnerability to the destructive humour of the elements. Beyond their harbours is the treacherous ocean, and afar off are the unseen, hyperborean limits of the mind whence the artist suspends upon quivering filaments, the particles of his Thespian vision of nature and unwinds, more in pity than in awe, the destinies of the *fantoccini*, human and sub-human, with which it is peopled.

As we look closer, our affections are likely to be increasingly absorbed by these creatures, whose activities may at first have seemed inextricably confused with the divagations of the fruits and flowers of their environment. Gradually, a pathetic 'essaim de petits poux lyriques' as René Crevel described it, obtrudes its comings and goings; feverish insects steer their busy course down sea-haunted lanes, and the invisible worm is revealed as the *Blumenfresser* devouring the rose, compulsively, regretfully, with its secret love. There are hapless birds some of whom, as wise as they are distraught, may have lost the use of their wings. Elsewhere, a four-footed beast pours her complaint into a prismatic mist while her children, in brief ignorance, play out their infancy behind her; and there are fishes, kept fishes brooding upon psychological problems, and others, precariously at liberty in the green, light-dissecting folds of the harbour water, unaware that they are watched by a fisherman. The fisherman himself is not less unconscious that he is under fateful observation. 'Ihn aber blickt hinwiederum, ein Gott von fern an mild un stumm';¹

¹ Christian Morgenstern.

and the human personalities that are locked in Klee's world, that fish or play, who are mute or who lament, are all subjected to such a watchful Providence which they ignore or but dimly recognize. As beings whose impulses are fore-ordained, they appear before us with the character of protagonists in a stage performance, *mimant d'inédites danses*, a changeless rose upon their cheeks, their painted lips like curious geraniums. They assume the form of midgets, tight-rope walkers, singers and comics—comics *si cosmiquement désespérés*; it is a cast of persons who suffer, with all their nerves, minutely, and though they can develop moods of fury or of fleeting trance-like ecstasy, there is still a firedrake imprisoned in their brains and the hypertrophy of their sad hearts is unrelieved. They relapse into melancholy or, at least, hebetude. But there is nothing gross or vapid in the symptoms and expressions of their sickness. Their cries may startle us, but are too wild and rare to give offence; the gestures of their ailing bodies embroider an arabesque of incomparable grace and innocence, and their wounds are transfigured by the sympathetic magic of the *décor* in which they play their parts.

The quality of Klee's art is like that of a flowering shrub from which at least a spray must be gathered if we are to grasp the plenitude of its charms; a petal or a twig might not deceive an expert botanist, but others, perhaps, would misjudge, though they might not belittle, the beauty of its total growth. In England, the vision of Klee, in its spell-binding entirety, is still largely unknown. At Christmas time, however, an exhibition of more than a hundred of his pictures is to be held at the National Gallery.¹ A comprehensive view of the miraculous tree, from its traceried roots to its musical petals, will be available. The event will be more than seasonable; Christmas trees are unwont to produce such an imperishable *jeu de théâtre*, unless they may chance to do so in the undying light of some childhood memory. But that is the kind of beam that irradiated a section of Klee's mind, and his responses may be fairly imagined to the festival of Christmas, to reindeer, to the speciousness of tinsel, to the eye of a puppet impaled on the branches of a spruce fir and to the possible mutations of the fecundity of its cones. There are elements in

¹The exhibition has been organized by the Tate Gallery, and will comprise some 120 paintings, drawings and prints, most of which have been lent through the generosity of Madame Klee, the widow of the artist.

the Christmas spirit which accord with the philosophic, the acquired naïvete that is a recurrent resource of his art among the affluence of modes at his disposal.

Jean Lurçat has written that in Klee there is 'du dessin de gosse, une divination, une absurdité', and it is true that he recaptures the virginity of childhood apprehensions, but by a science, by the divinatory powers of a sage, as much as by the innate freshness of his inspiration. The subtleties of his thought acquired their wings, his lines developed their tenuous precision and his colours their unique luminosity amid the influences of Gluck, Mozart, Blake, Goya, Redon. The amaranthine infancy of his genius was nourished by the same persuasions; deftly, he re-kindles within us sympathies that we had forgotten and others, recovered, perhaps, from a pre-natal existence, that we might deny, if they did not touch us so closely. It is by the establishment of a myriad connecting threads with our least accessible affections that the web of his *comédie larmoyante* finally enthralls us. Its *dramatis personæ* are the poets, the amiable parodists, the theosophical symbols, of these affections, and respond in their turn, attached by as many strands, to the fine-fingered manipulations of their creator. Pendant upon this fragile chain, his art floats into life, dropping its unprecedented flowers into the lasting refuge of the imagination, and enlarging the repertory of all clandestine mythologies with its human imagery. It is certain that its passage here, however narrowly acclaimed, will for a moment 'sate the hungry dark' with its unknown sounds and colours, and with its so recent vindication of the profuse and incommensurable nature of fine art.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

PAUL KLEE was born on 18 December 1879, at Münchenbuchsee, near Berne. His father was a gifted musician and philosophically inclined. His mother, a sensitive and cultured woman, spent most of her youth in France. Thanks to his parents, Klee was brought up in a stimulating intellectual and spiritual atmosphere; painting, music and philosophy were his chief interests. Painting finally claimed him, but music and philosophy continued to find an outlet in his work.

It was as a student at the Munich Academy (1898-1901) that his independent personality developed. Between 1901 and 1906 he worked in Paris, Berne and Rome, studying nature closely and at the same time liberating his art from the restraints of 'naturalism'. In 1906, he married Lily Stumpf and settled in Munich. In these early days, his work found no understanding beyond the circle of a few painters, and the unselfish devotion of his wife was his main encouragement.

The years 1914-18 were a painful experience for Paul Klee. During this period his art continued to reflect memories of his visit to Kairouan (Tunis) in 1914. After 1914, his public reputation rose; in 1920, he was summoned to teach at the Bauhaus (Weimar) and in 1932 was appointed Professor of the Academy of Art at Düsseldorf. He grasped the appalling significance of the victory of the Nazi party in 1933, resigned his appointment and returned to Berne. In 1936, his activity was seriously restricted by illness. His only recreations were country wanderings and conversations with his closest friends.

In the spring of 1940, bitterly deceived by events in Europe, he withdrew to Muralto, near Locarno. On 29 June, he died there after a heart attack.

The foregoing is abstracted from the introduction by Mr. Rolf Bürgi to the catalogue of the forthcoming Klee Exhibition.

AUGUSTUS JOHN FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XIV

My second visit to the U.S.A. passed as before in New York, seems as crowded and tumultuous as the first. It is a little difficult to separate the two. I installed myself in a spacious studio overlooking a square by the side of which stood the Public Library. Mr. Clyde, who had bought my portrait of Madame Suggia, was good enough to lend me a chair or two and a minute sofa. These, with an easel and 'throne', sufficed. The effect, though bald, was workmanlike. A flight of stairs led to my bedroom and other conveniences. The Suggia portrait was sent to the Annual International Exhibition at Pittsburg that year and was awarded the chief prize. Later it changed hands, Joseph Duveen acquiring it. Eventually, thanks to its new owner's generosity, it found its permanent home in the Tate, much to the satisfaction of the distinguished 'cellist who, having passed her entire career in England, would not have relished the transfer of this memorial of herself to a country where, except by repute, she was unknown.

I lost no time in renewing acquaintance with Bob Chanler. His hospitality never ceased. His salon, intersected with cosy compartments, was still thronged nightly by a company of easy-going ladies, eccentrics and hangers-on. I expressed a desire

to visit Harlem, the negro quarter. With some hesitation Bob agreed to make the expedition. Harlem, at that time, was by no means the resort for fashionable bohemians it became later. My American companions seemed a little anxious and ill at ease in the coloured society I found so congenial and amusing; leaving them to their discomfort, I joined a merry negress I had observed in the distance and felt happier. An elderly black at our side wished to engage me in a theological argument, but I was less interested. Negroes and tramps, I have noticed, are often found to hold original views on the interpretation of the Scriptures. The dancing that took place at these Harlem clubs was brilliant beyond description. General good-humour prevailed. I was immensely pleased with this and subsequent visits to the quarter. Another place I frequented was a Russian cabaret where I became friendly with the performers. One of them, a handsome gipsy singer, was surprised when I addressed her in the Romani tongue. Though I was strange to her Moscow dialect, I knew its essentials, and we were able to converse with intelligence. Amid the general blur of the parties I used to attend, my evenings at this cabaret remain distinct and harmonious as the classic profile of my usual companion, the actress Greta Kendal-Cooper, which so often I attempted to record on the backs of the menus. At this time *The Miracle* was being performed in New York, with Lady Diana Cooper in the role of the Madonna. She filled the part with remarkable grace and dignity. The enigmatic Dr. Kommer was much to the fore in this connection. He appeared to be an important personage, though nobody knew what he was up to. At Duveen's instance I undertook the portrait of Mr. Joseph Widener of Philadelphia. I visited more than once his justly famous gallery of pictures in that city. He had recently acquired two magnificent Rembrandts from Prince Youssoupoff. This notorious nobleman now wanted them back, Widener told me. What hopes! This great and tenacious art-collector has now lodged my portrait in the Mellon Gallery at Washington. I was told his lady friends didn't approve of my rendering of his character. They never do.

I frequented the 'Colony' Restaurant. Though not the cheapest, it was, I thought, the best in the city, having a true 'continental' character, and if, under Prohibition, the wine was placed not on but under the table, it was none the worse for that. I used to

meet Joe Davidson, the sculptor, with Mitchell Kennerly, publisher and bibliophile. Davidson had been doing a bust of Rockefeller and was, I thought, unduly elated at having had 'the richest man in the world' to sit for him. I, who had recently painted Thomas Hardy, reminded him sharply that intellect not opulence was the concern of the artist. The black-bearded Bohemian, upon this, abated his transports, though, I could see, he was far from convinced. However, there does exist a genuine strain of idealism in the American genius and a reverence for rank and title is often seen to supplement the cult of the dollar. It is true eccentrics are to be met with who confess to neither motivation, but such moral freakishness is frowned upon in the States and sometimes, as with us, penalized. How sad it is when the primordial wells of inspiration fail, choked in the shifting sands of doubt! Yet my curiosity would be aroused by sundry philosophical knighterrant, encountered on the side-walks of New York. When greeted by some lightly clad, buoyantly stepping and long-haired protagonist of *New Thought*, with his radiant and magnetic smile, his infectious well-being, so different from a business-man's hideous affectation of happiness, had almost persuaded me to surrender and, following the directions on the proffered leaflet, discover the source, it might be of wisdom, self-mastery and power. Only the thought of having to rub shoulders with other seekers after light deterred me, and I went my way, unilluminated though somewhat wistful. Perhaps the most valuable secrets are not to be shared by the multitude: they should be whispered in the ear, not declaimed from the platform; or else, for public consumption, be imparted in the form of a parable: naked unless in privacy, the shy Goddess of Truth is apt to shrink and turn into an unyielding figure of stone. . . .

Before leaving New York, I received a cable proposing the acquisition of the house I now occupy: Alderney Manor had to be relinquished; it has been razed to the ground and the estate cut up and built over with ignoble bungalows. As the financial results of my work were satisfactory, I agreed to the step. At that distance, I would have agreed to anything. On the return voyage, the ship touching at Cherbourg, I was unable to resist the urge to land first of all on the soil of France. It was a moving experience after the glitter and turmoil of New York to find myself in the quiet and mellow ambience of a Norman town such as

Bayeux and taste again a dish of *moules marinières* with a litre of *rouge* amid a society affording that agreeable mixture of intimacy and detachment characteristic of popular houses of refreshment across the Channel. The fact that I ran into a fellow country-woman on landing, herself, as it appeared, bound for England, added an extra touch of interest to the situation while tending to keep my wandering instincts within reasonable limits and make my date of home-coming less uncertain.

While in London I was introduced by Mitchell Kennedy to a distinguished architect who proposed that I should come and stay at his château in Burgundy and paint the portraits of himself and his wife. The Château de Missery stands a few miles from Saulieu: it is a perfect fourteenth-century turreted building surrounded by a moat and had been reconditioned under Louis XIV. Mr. McLanahan had added every modern improvement and with sure taste restored the defaced *boiserie* and furnished the whole in pure Burgundian style. Besides this, my host, a connoisseur in more ways than one, had stocked his cellars with the choicest products of the Côte d'Or. Under his tutelage I was beginning before I left to recognize and name, with some accuracy, the exquisite wines he put before me. Still, I sometimes found the solemnity of these learned gustations to weigh upon me, and was fain now and then to escape to the village inn and offer myself a glass of *marc-cassis* in the company of the amiable aubergiste who, like me, was a foreigner, for she came from Brittany. After the usual struggle my portrait of Mrs. McLanahan was completed successfully, but that of her husband, in spite of a great deal of labour, failed unaccountably. One day McLanahan said he thought it was time for me to go. I agreed with alacrity for I needed a break. But I returned more than once to this beautiful place. During other visits I painted the son Alexander and his accomplished southern wife. With the younger people in residence the old chateau awoke to new life and gaiety, and at the magical touch of Frances McLanahan, to music too.

The portrait-painter should allow no moral bias to affect his attitude to the sitter. The exploration of character should be left, with confidence, to the eye alone. Heaven knows what it may discover! With a mind as blank as his canvas he sets to work

concerned only with the phenomenon before him and its relation to its surrounding within the shape and area at his disposal. He may bear in mind, though with caution, the dictum of Goya: 'Portrait painting is a matter of *parti-pris*'. This innocence of outlook, joined to the lessons of experience and the example of the Masters, will permit the unerring authority of the unconscious to perform its part in guiding the brush towards realization more subtly and surely than could the most exact expression of prejudice based on non-visual data. We demand of a 'sitter', not a moral perfection, but the will to keep still with a reasonable show of animation. Yet when Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts, accompanied by his medical attendant, called on me at Mallord Street with the request that I should paint him, I was in a dilemma. The recent trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti had moved the world. Before me stood their executioner! I knew little or nothing of the details of the case. The innocence of the two Anarchists had not then been established, but it was certainly presumed. Fuller had not pronounced the sentence: he had only been the 'instrument of justice'; the power of reprieve, however, lay in his hands. He had not seen fit to exert it. Was I in a position to pass judgement on this functionary? In any case would his share in the tragedy invalidate him as a subject for my brush? According to the foregoing it shouldn't. We passed an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. At last I decided to overcome my repugnance and, putting my principle to the test, undertake the job.

To begin with, unable to achieve the necessary detachment of mind, I was unsuccessful, but rather than admit defeat, agreed to resume the task in America.

Again I found myself on the Atlantic, this time bound for Boston. The voyage was pleasant enough though the ship was old and fit, I was told, only to be scrapped before it foundered of itself, as, in fact, it later did. A crowd of young American boy and girl students were aboard. They were all in high spirits at the prospect of returning to their own cosy way of life after perambulating Europe in charge of their history-oozing pedagogues. We got along together very well. On entering Boston harbour a motor launch drew alongside and a military officer boarded the liner. Seeking me out, he announced that he had come to take me ashore and convey me to the Governor's

country residence, situated on the coast some eighty miles from the city. Here I arrived and remained a month or two with no means of escape till the family returned to Boston and I with them. I occupied myself daily in painting the Governor and also his charming and problematic children. Mrs. Fuller was the soul of good nature, and I conceived a great regard for her (as I did for Mrs. Fuller, *mère*). She used to do her best to calm her husband's anxieties, for it was evident that the late events were worrying him. Something seemed to have gone wrong with the evidence. Its validity was being questioned. The subject was not a suitable one for public discussion. One day Mr. Fuller returned home with a load of handsomely bound books. These were destined not so much to be read as to decorate some empty shelves in his library. Among them I noticed the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and here I dropped a brick. Pointing to the name on these volumes I exclaimed excitedly: 'Ah! your greatest anarchist!' The Governor, upon this, showed signs of discomposure and murmuring unintelligibly, withdrew. As head of the Packard Motor Car Company, Fuller was accustomed to hold annually a grand celebration for his subordinate managers, who assembled from all over the States. A 'barbecue' was held on the beach. Numerous fires were lit and the multitude of guests seated at a long series of tables were regaled with hot shell-fish—'clams' to be exact. 'Soft drinks' were provided by the law-abiding Governor, but an unscrupulous and convivial neighbour had been inspired to produce a bottle of more serious content for my benefit; we shared it as an appropriate preliminary to this orgy. Although it was evident I was no 'regular fellow', and indeed met with signs of disapproval in some of the convivers, I found the 'barbecue' a pleasant break in my daily routine, and made the most of it. Few other distractions and none of equal importance marked my stay. An occasional run out to Ogunquit on the coast of Maine with the sympathetic sister of the Governor; visits to a herd of prize cattle with indulgence in a glass of their excellent milk; private conversation with one of the housemaids, who, an Irish girl from Connemara, awoke in me nostalgic yearnings for a remote and disappearing civilization; a visit with Mrs. Fuller to the incredible house of a certain Mr. Harry Sleeper of Worcester (or Gloucester) which overlooked the harbour and was filled with specimens of New England and Chinese

craftsmanship: such were the rare diversions of my life at Rye Beach. At length the time came for a general move to headquarters. I had looked forward to this for long, for I had seen nothing of Boston. A friendly and gifted painter, Charles Woodbury, lent me his excellent studio. Now I was fairly free. I found the city to abound with variety and interest. Fresh sitters presented themselves; fresh acquaintances and friendships were struck up, and life became full and even somewhat complicated after the dull though industrious existence I had just left behind. One of my new models, though married and a mother, appeared to have just escaped from school: but no experience, responsibility or the passage of years can impair Vera Fearing's exquisite immaturity or dispel the sweetness which her nature and all her person perpetually exhales like a flower.

Among my Boston friends I must signalize William James, who had a studio above mine. Like his famous uncle, Henry, he was hard put to it for exact verbal expression. The painter Charles Woodbury would say, 'Come on, Bill, out with it', as he paused excruciatingly while searching for the *mot juste*. This conscientious mental stammer endeared him to me as did in a more material sense the inexhaustible supply of tea and bread and butter with which his wife regaled me at their home in Cambridge. They found my appetite for this fare insatiable. Ted Spencer, too, English Professor at Harvard, did much to befriend and entertain me. A party he gave in my honour reached a height of conviviality proportionate to his own stature which must surely be unsurpassed even in a country which frequently gives birth to giants. During my stay at Boston, the Presidential Election took place. The Governor supported Mr. Hoover's candidature, but Mrs. Fuller, of Catholic up-bringing, felt a secret tenderness for Mr. Al Smith. Prohibited by reasons of State from presenting herself publicly at his meetings, she decided to go incognito, and, heavily veiled, took me with her. I thought Al a sympathetic personality and preferred him to Hoover. On returning one evening we boldly entered a popular soda-water bar and there the first lady in Massachusetts, withdrawing her veil, beamed on the astonished gathering of ice-cream addicts with a well-calculated air of democratic bonhomie. She wasn't proud! At a visit to the movies with the Fuller family I observed the Governor, at the climax of Al Jolson's pathos (the occasion

being the death of a child), to bury his face in his hands while sobbing convulsively; his son, 'Persh', was similarly affected, and so was Mrs. Fuller. As this lady drove away with me, still giving vent to her grief, I chid her for this needless display of emotion. 'Have you no children of your own?' she wailed. 'Yes,' I replied shortly, 'too many.'

My acquaintance of Berlin, the daring '*See Teufel*', Count Luckner, on tour in the States, was to lecture one night, and Mrs. Fuller and I went to hear him. He narrated his adventurous life with great ability and charm, bringing the house down at the end by his final words, 'And such has been the life of a self-made man'. We met him later at a reception where he performed some remarkable feats of legerdemain. I advised him to visit England where I was sure he would be acclaimed, but he appeared to have his doubts about this. The musician Arthur Fiedler, who was teaching Mrs. Fuller voice production, introduced me to the Orange Tree Club, and I became a frequent visitor to this resort. When the time came to depart, I proposed that the Fullers should accompany me there before I caught my midnight train to New York. After some hesitation they agreed to do so. Our appearance at the Cabaret caused a sensation. The spot-light found a worthy mark that night! My hosts came to see me off. As I took Mrs. Fuller's hand in farewell, the Governor said, 'Kiss her, Augustus'. I did so.

It may be gathered from the foregoing that whatever degree of complicity may attach to him in the sinister event of 22 August 1927, Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts, was personally no inhuman monster. An ignorant man who by industry and character had achieved both wealth and honour, for him as for the rest of the bourgeois world 'anarchism' meant just *bombs*—nothing more. For him, I imagine, the specific crime of which Sacco and Vanzetti were accused was but an incident in the general guilt of two declared 'enemies of society'. It was not Fuller, but one of the judges, who, before the trial, was heard to exclaim, 'We'll get those bastards!' It was not he who suborned the miserable witnesses whose 'evidence' sent these men to the electric chair after seven years of captivity and torture. We must suppose that he approved the verdict, conceiving it to be his duty as highest official in the State to defend the social order he represented and, if need be, mercilessly to crush the exponents of

a dangerous doctrine, dangerous because it seemed to threaten the very roots of civilization and might even in its implications be confused by irresponsible people with the sacred precepts of the religion which he himself professed. Yet this overburdened and perplexed son of a fine mother had his qualms, and they kept recurring. It is unlikely that they would be allayed by these final and unforgettable words of Vanzetti:

'If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street-corners to scorning men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now I am not a failure. This is our career and triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's understanding of man as we do now by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoe-maker and a poor fish-pedlar—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our last triumph.'

And so we must consider, in furnishing the occasion for such an utterance, even Alvan T. Fuller in his modest way, managed to make his own substantial contribution to the Gospel of Anarchism.

I had been for years a reader of *The New Age*. The literary generation of his time owes much to the benign and critical discernment of its editor, A. R. Orage, who was a friend of mine. His editorial notes on the course of The First World War were as sagacious as they were exemplary in style. He was always right. After a period devoted to the cause of Guild Socialism, he, coming under the influence of Major C. H. Douglas, together with a group of the latter's disciples, became a brilliant and indefatigable exponent of the principles of Social Credit but later, without ever, I think, relinquishing 'the creed of economic liberty and abundance', fell under the spell of the Asiatic mystics established at Fontainebleau and left *The New Age* to be carried on by other hands, while he practised in monk-like seclusion the austerities prescribed by Gourdjieff, becoming eventually the forerunner of that sage in New York. I painted Major Douglas. The personal charm and dignity of this man impressed me greatly. Unmoved by disparagement or boycott, he stands apart, an urban and intellectual rock, while in the field, the banner of Social Credit is born aloft by a war-depleted but stalwart band under the leadership of the visionary John Hargrave. But under the bombardment of ideas, our people

go to earth, where, stuck comfortably in the mud, they feel safer and can ignore the high explosives which only pass harmlessly over their heads. In observance of convention and the *comme il faut* they are prepared to face threats, ridicule, privation and even death, but at the impact of a new spiritual or political proposition (or a sufficiently old one) they will disperse with the alacrity of startled rabbits, some to lie low for a space, others with a greater sense of their responsibilities, to 'phone for the police. But the emergence of creative thought, as Proudhon averred, is hastened and not retarded by the weight of opposition it encounters. Confined in the humid dungeons of conservatism, the fermentation of the spirit proceeds apace till gathering force, it bursts out at last with irresistible violence. Those who had refused a hearing to the still small voice of reason will be awakened by the deafening roar of the Hymn of Deliverance, heralding the re-birth of human society in the form of an infinite multiplicity of autonomous groups, interrelated and reciprocally free, knowing no frontiers, acknowledging no authority, each minding its own affairs; or, once more deluded, men will take refuge in an underground empire of robots presided over by super-business-men of a remote and almost mythical inaccessibility; but such a state, tainted from the start with the virus of decay, is doomed and must give place, after Ragnarök, to the convalescence of primitive 'savagery' but without the collusion of medicine-men or sorcerers, for these with their gods and demons will have perished for ever in the last catastrophe. The cycle is thus complete and then:

*'The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream' . . .*

THE INDIAN HERB

Curtis Moffat, who had married Iris Tree, was something of a sybarite. His quarters in Fitzroy Square bore witness less to his reverence for tradition than his gusto for the up-to-date. He would be found reclining languidly in this choice environment with some rare and exquisitely bound volume open at his side, placed there perhaps rather to satisfy an exacting sense of æsthetic

propriety than for the purpose of study. His fine eyes (which always seduced me by their warm glow), seemed to hold a subtle amusement, the secret of which few, if any, could guess or share. Would it be the consciousness of the unknown, the unimaginable source of all this luxury which so tickled him inwardly? Rather than see this expression of happy irony clouded for a moment by the onset of financial squalls I would have turned out all my pockets—and sometimes did. But I would be rewarded by a return of that beaming regard in which love was so tantalizingly mingled with a hint of derision—like the smile of a woman. Curtis used to give small parties at his house in Hampstead at which the guests were regaled with sardines and wine, and it was here I was initiated into the mystery of Hashish. I had previously tried smoking this celebrated drug but without the slightest result and in consequence looked upon its reported properties with scepticism. It was the Princess Murat who converted me by contributing several pots of it in the form of a compote or jam. A teaspoonful of this was taken at intervals. Having helped myself to the first dose, I had almost forgotten it, when, catching the eye of Iris Moffat across the dinner table we were both simultaneously, and for no reason, seized with inextinguishable laughter. This curious effect was repeated from time to time throughout the evening. During the intervals we were lucid, and even grave, but, as it were, in another world. Our visual faculty transmogrified, caused us to see our surroundings and each other in a new and unearthly light. The females present, selected for their physical charm, now assumed a beauty more than human, exciting, at any rate in me, emotions of an intensity surpassing even those of sex, from which they appeared radically to differ. In the silences one seemed to hear the tick-tick of the clock-work of the Universe: voices reached one, as it were, from across the frozen wastes between the stars. Ping! a shifting of the slats of time and space! I observe Curtis Moffat to stand, smiling to himself, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Even his big picture on the wall now manifests a beauty and significance hitherto unsuspected. Is it a new dimension we have entered? Can we be approaching Ultimate Reality? The crises of laughter follow each other till dawn, with repercussions as I make my way home with Violet Murat who had been only slightly amused by the night's proceedings. No ill results followed. I had been

judicious: but on another occasion, less wary, I was surprised in the end by the replacement of Paradisaic laughter and exaltation by panic and horror indescribable. For a day or two I wandered, silent, pale and solitary like a ghost. My friend Alister Crowley, who knows what he is talking about, told me Hashish had saved his life: but then he is an Adept and I don't recommend indulgence in *Cannabis Indica* to the careless amateur.

CAP FERRAT

Returning one time from the U.S.A. I made the acquaintance of Sir James and Lady Dunn on board the liner. The friendly financier offered me the use of one of his two villas on Cap Ferrat, and the following summer we took advantage of this kindness and found ourselves established in the Villa Kavaroc adjoining that of Lou Mas, where Sir James and his family were passing a holiday. Just below, on the verge of the bay was the Restaurant Caramello, justly celebrated for its superior cuisine and correspondingly high tariff. Across the road was the bar and the kitchen too was here, necessitating the transportation of the dishes at breakneck speed and extreme risk. Our occasional meals at Caramello's, usually at Sir James' expense, always consisted as to the *pièce de resistance* of 'Baby Lamb' and wound up with an endless succession of diaphanous *Crêpes Suzettes* just saved from redundancy by the variety of liqueurs with which they were flavoured. The atmosphere of this restaurant, filled as it generally was with gloomy and self-conscious English holiday-makers, was not in itself exhilarating. I found the Bar more to my taste and passed many pleasant moments here in the company of Miss Kit Dunn and her sister Joan. Sometimes a batch of American tourists would come in to restore their failing spirits with whiskeys and soda interspersed with the 'snacks' which these nationals find indispensable to life. When my daughter's fiancé, Derek Jackson, with more recklessness than judgement launched out in an exposition of the Higher Physics for the patron's benefit with but an imperfect knowledge of the French language, Caramello, a master of his *métier*, confused perhaps, but never nonplussed, was able to ejaculate, with polite astonishment and a flattering incredulity, '*Ah, Monsieur, a fait des expériences*' Caramello is, or was, one of the few people I have met, who on quite insufficient grounds, at once rendered me marked respect and even, I think,

affection. I like to think that his occupation qualified him as a good judge of men. At the end of the season at Cap Ferrat he would depart for Aix-les-Bains to resume his beneficent activities there, leaving the deserted Cap, and its cyclamens to the care of the melancholy gardeners, whose millionaire employers had flown, like migratory birds of prey, back to Big Business and a more appropriate scene. On one occasion I lunched with the Dunns who were entertaining Sir John Simon, his wife and son. I was taken aback by the almost excessive benevolence which imbued my countryman's dark eyes: his sympathetic son who was on his way to India, appeared to share my confusion. Jimmy Dunn employed as secretary a Greek girl. On my remarking one day on the attractive silhouette she presented, the financier, gazing at her with astonishment and as if for the first time, seemed to embark on rapid calculations. In due course Miss Cristoforos became the present Lady Dunn. I started portraits of her predecessor (Irene) and Miss Kit Dunn, but although both these large canvases seemed to me highly promising, the passage of time prevented their completion. Sometimes we would run in to Monte Carlo. On one of these occasions we entered a modest restaurant and found Serge Diagileff seated there in the company of some members of the Russian ballet. I had met this remarkable man on previous occasions. First at a luncheon party given by Margot Asquith! I had viewed him with distaste on that occasion but later in Chelsea at Tony Gandarilla's, and in Paris, I had discovered his curious and magnetic personality. Here, free of the exacting demands of social intercourse, he displayed, without disguise, a good nature, a frankness and a gaiety which I found irresistible. Perhaps, at this time, no longer at the height of his glory, he, in partial eclipse and relieved of the burdens of power, was able to release those naïve impulses which are the prerogative of all children and Russians.

Sometimes, at Cap Ferrat, I would encounter the Duke of Connaught whose villa was adjacent. He took his walks, followed at a suitable distance by a female attendant. He was proud of his garden, which he claimed as his own creation, but complained of the climate, describing it as the 'windiest on earth'. The Duke, if not very tall, was certainly 'every inch a gentleman'. Our old friend, Georges Auric, being in the neighbourhood, often looked in, and as ever endeared himself by that engaging simplicity

of manner combined with an extreme sophistication, only perhaps possible to a Frenchman. I recognized Somerset Maugham one day walking past our villa, but was far too diffident to approach him as I would have wished. The chance of making his acquaintance was reserved for another day. A French naval flotilla had come to anchor in the Bay of Villefranche. Instantly the town, hitherto somnolent and dull, sprang into life. Young women whose existence had been unsuspected, now issued from their hiding-places in gay attire. The arrival of the battleships synchronized with that of numerous exotic-looking gentlemen, who, British, like myself, seemed to be of a finer and more exquisite mould. Among them I recognized an acquaintance of Berlin, who to judge by the signed photographs with which he had crowded his grand piano, must have been the pet of all the Royalties of Europe. Neither of us 'let on', but with one accord preserved that blank impassivity the English are so good at. In the cafés by the harbour, dancing went on continuously, the young *marins* with their becoming red pom-poms revolving with the girls or with one another indiscriminately. Here my daughters Poppet and Vivien were in their element, and soon appeared to have met their fate in two sympathetic lads, a Corsican and a Breton. One night, Auric and I were sitting with some of the sailor-boys. I asked one where he came from. His reply was surprising: '*Je viens de Perpignan; c'est là où Picasso a inventé le cubisme.*'

At length our second visit to the Villa Kavaroc came to an end. We had been deserted by all, and a period of intense gloom ensued. I could find nothing in Cap Ferrat to excite me, and with a violent effort of will we pulled ourselves together and decamped—for Martigues.

SELECTED NOTICES

The Leaning Tower. By Katherine Anne Porter. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Demon Lover. By Elizabeth Bowen. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE question of how much receptivity a reader is capable of becomes important when inference is more and more amplified and statement faded. Is every point to be run after and cut off with a carving knife, or are we only to be allowed a glimpse, and, in some cases, not even given time, but expected to learn all from rustlings in the foliage? Elizabeth Bowen never says anything twice and she takes it for granted that we have a knowledge of a complicated psychology; surely she is right? Writers of short stories are inclined to forget that, in being plain and bald about psychology, the baldness is no longer applicable to an infant but to a middle-aged science. This is not to say they are simple about it, but rather that at the end of some long story all that has been established is some elementary principle of psychology. Much of this could be avoided if they were forced to come out into the open and use technical terms, but an outcry of 'tiresome' would follow such an attempt, and indeed it would be as tiresome if the whole of a work were dotted with psychological terms as it would be if it were dotted with medical terms. If, however, it is possible to read in the Invalid column of *The Times* that Dr. Joad has broken his collar bone while hunting in Sussex, why should it not be possible to read, for example, that a bishop has temporarily broken down because his Oedipus complex remains unresolved? Never mind if the terms are out of date and despised by up-to-the-minute psycho-analysts, the use of them would cut short a great deal of our fiction.

In one of the most brilliant stories she has ever written, *Songs My Father Sang Me*, Elizabeth Bowen gives a straightforward monologue of a young girl, behind which lies a shock to the conscious and subconscious from which it is impossible to recover, the crisis, when she was seven, of her father leaving his family for ever. As with all crises it is led up to by a collection of unbearable incidents, each one retaining the misery of the last, until the explosion, when something may be settled but in which limbs have been lost and pieces continue to fall upon the victims from the sky. Briskly written, everything is contained in this story, including subsidiary but vivid impressions of the senses as to the climate and the scenery, and at the end of it we, too, feel we will never get over the picnic on the summer hill where she closes her eyes and, when she opens them again, her father is gone. The fact, which comes out later, that he is not even her father, and which so many writers would make so much of, is shown in proportion to the time and love that has gone before as an extra large stone of debris hitting her on the head—but the explosion is over.

Katherine Anne Porter, called by the publishers an American equivalent of Elizabeth Bowen, also has a story of a child ruined by wrangling among his adults. It is very good but in comparison with *Songs My Father Sang Me* there is just the dehydration—a repetition here, a cliché there, no poetry—which leave us filled up but still looking round. The stories of the American writer are divided into two halves, those of childhood reminiscence, and more objective tougher stories ending in *The Leaning Tower*, an excellent description of

an American young man in Berlin where, and this is important in a woman writer, the author seems to have felt the tragedy rather than just to be noting it. The childhood stories fail because they have the common fault of much reminiscence, delicate orgy. Here is a passage describing a family.

'... On the other side sat small cousin Lucie Breaux, big cousin Paul Gay, great-aunt Sally Gay (who took snuff and therefore was a disgrace to the family); two strange, extremely handsome young men who might be cousins but were certainly in love with cousin Miranda Gay; and cousin Miranda Gay herself, a most dashing young lady with crisp silk shirts, a half-dozen of them at once, a lovely perfume and wonderful black curly hair above enormous wild grey eyes, "like a colt's", father said.'

It will be seen how the reminiscence fails to convince. '... two strange, extremely handsome young men ...' she knows they are strange but we don't. Does she agree with the father? Apparently, but are a colt's eyes really grey?

Another passage about a family by Elizabeth Bowen will show the difference.

'The landowner's daughters, from Constance down, walked with their beetle-green, mole or maroon skirts gathered up and carried clear of the ground, but for Henrietta, who was still ankle-free. They walked inside a continuous stuffy sound, but left silence behind them. Behind them rooks that had risen and circled, sun striking blue from their blue-black wings, planed one by one to the earth and settled to peck again. Papa and the boys were dark-clad as the rooks but with no sheen, but for their white collars.' This is poetical and true.

Sometimes, however, Elizabeth Bowen is too cerebral; in *Mysterious Kor* her beings are not quite human, and intensity is lost because we feel that, although they are not supposed to be robust in a physical sense, yet their passions are, and this is not communicated. But in *Pink May* where an unfaithful wife spoils her affair by setting up her own obstacles and blames a ghost for them, we are swept along in the emotions of this woman who stresses her lack of 'subtlety' and who lives in that neurotic world of the conventional who, when they are defeated by a conflict in their nature, call it being 'nervy'.

Both these writers are contemporary and acute. However, good as Katherine Anne Porter is sometimes, she lacks the quality of making us pick up her book merely to illustrate some point, and being unable to stop reading nearly all the stories a second time, a quality which Elizabeth Bowen with her distinctive brilliance achieves, and where every book she writes develops even further than the last.

DIANA WITHERBY

A few copies of 'HUIS CLOS', by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, limited edition, 12s. 6d., post free, are still available.



'They're biting'. 1920. Colour drawing in various mediums

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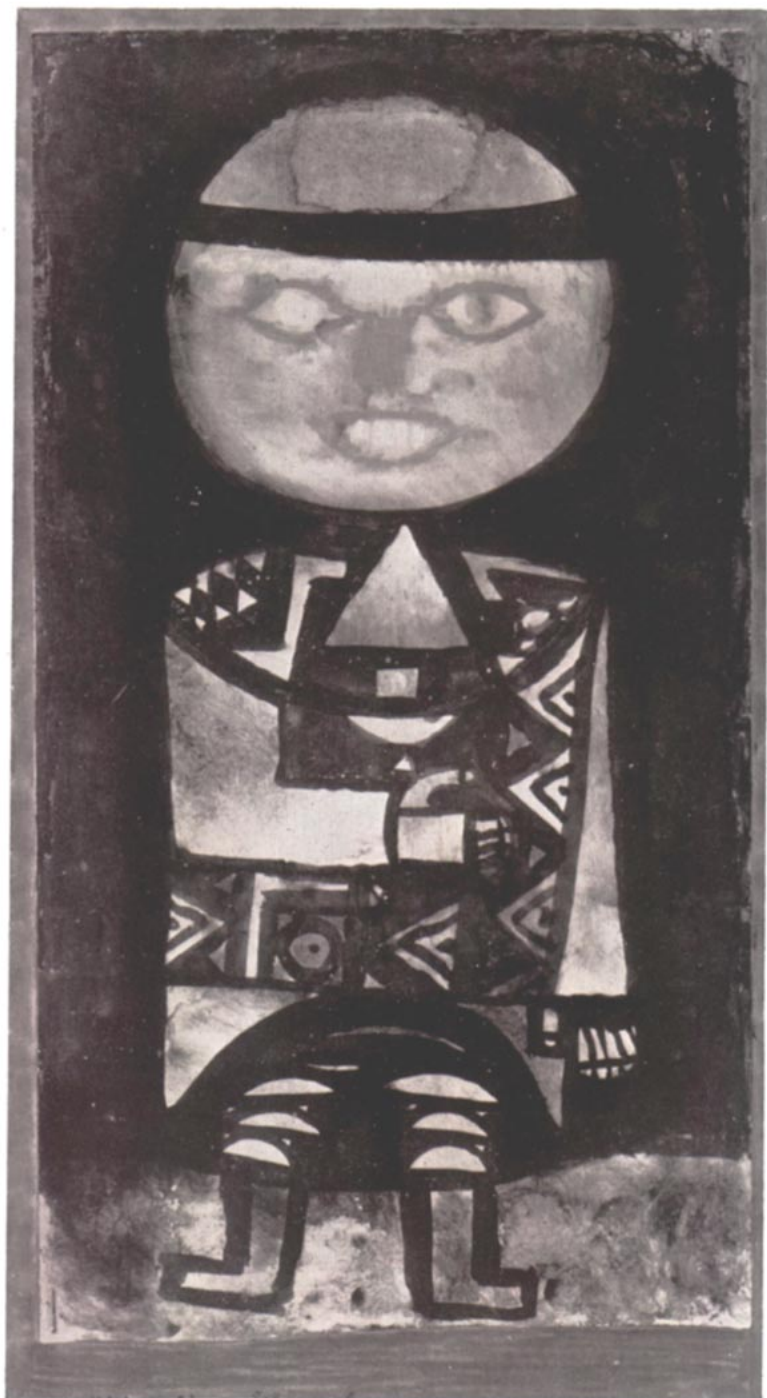


Klee 1909



She Brays, We Play. 1928. Oil

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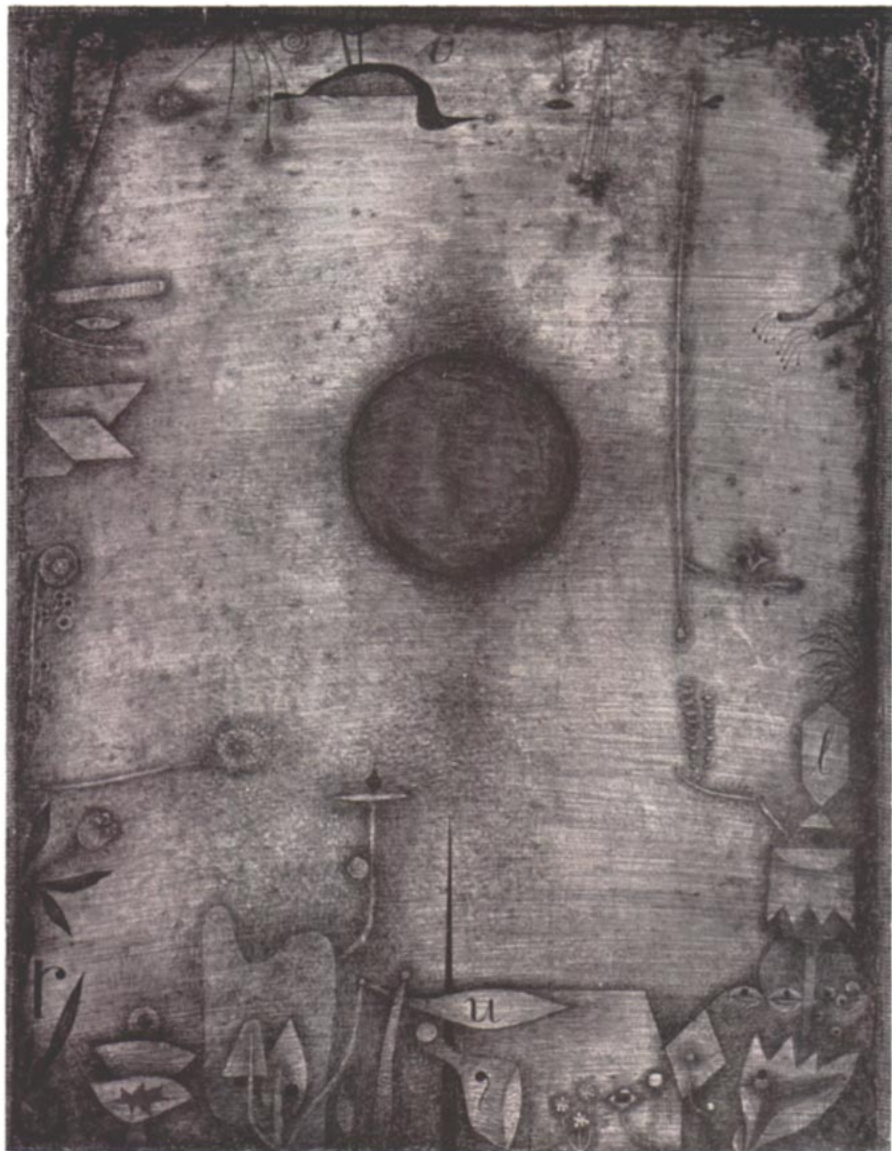
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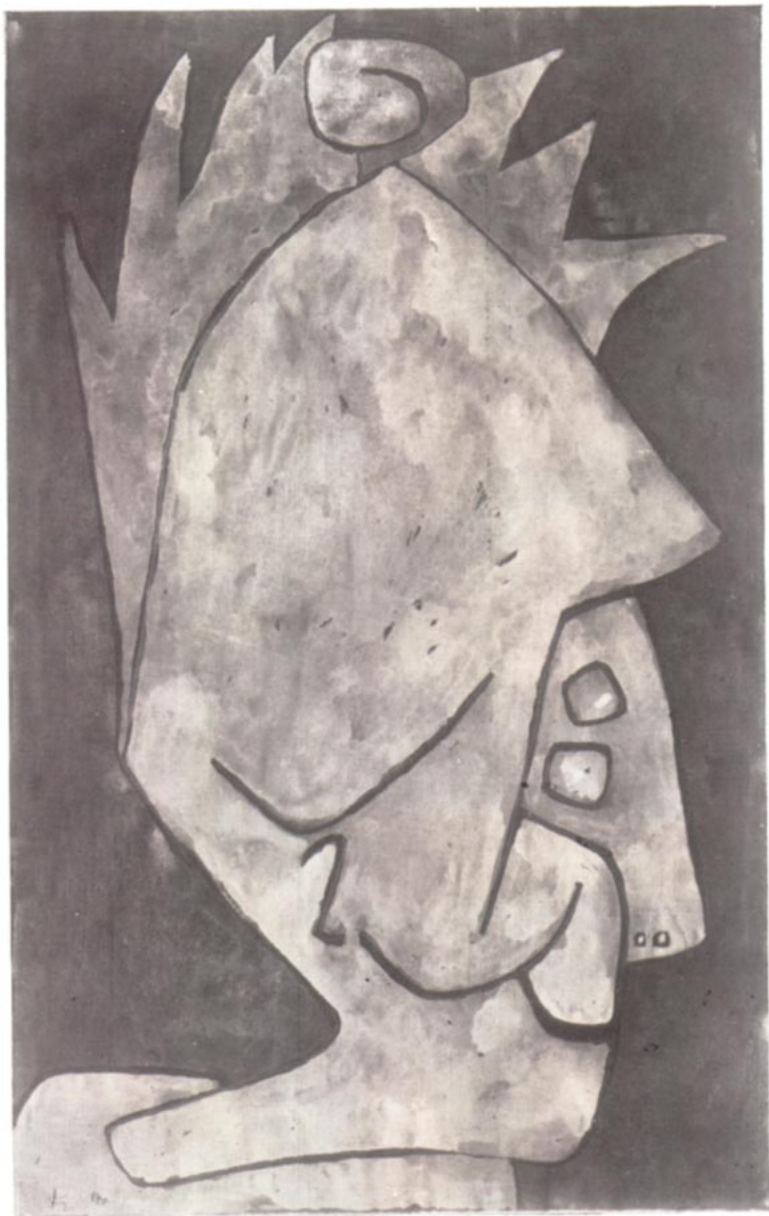
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